Winning Monologues

by

Lilian Holmes Strack

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WINNING MONOLOGUES

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For Contests and
Public Speaking

BY
LILIAN HOLMES STRACK

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By
LILIAN HOLMES STRACK

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GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

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The monologue, due to lyceum programs, public speaking courses and high school declamatory contests, has become extremely popular. Because of the many inquiries received by the author concerning the rendition of various monologues, these general suggestions are given to the reader, as well as a few special suggestions for each monologue.

The successful monologist is a person with a faculty for keen observation, and one with the ability to visualize and to impersonate. One cannot depict characters truly unless one studies them. Do not expect to be able to make your audience see details unless you yourself visualize them. Get a perfect picture of the type you are to portray before attempting an impersonation. Visualize the personality in detail—the walk, the dress, the gesture, even hear the tone and quality of voice, and get an understanding of the character's mental attitude. The monologist, after perfect visualization, will find impersonation simplified; he then knows the character, and will be able to sink his own individuality under the type he wishes to portray.

Wherever there are human beings, there are types—some vivid, some faded, some weak—every type is suggested. When you wish to impersonate

a certain character, study someone of similar type. A very small girl of five years of age requires particular observation. How do her gestures, her walk, her laugh, her inflections, her manner of emphasis, etc., differ from those of a girl of eleven? —of sixteen?—of twenty?

A monologue is a composition for one performer. The sketches in this book are to be given by one person, and the monologue form is usually retained. In a few instances the reader is called upon to portray more than one character, the selections then being virtually combinations of two or more short monologues.

In all of these monologues the reader must be capable of making the audience understand the unspoken part of the sketch. He cannot answer intelligently any question which he does not hear. The reader should remember this, and ask himself the unspoken question, and express—to himself—any unspoken statement, before he replies. A great many people who attempt to render monologues do not do this. As a result the audience does not get the connections, and therefore does not understand many of the points of the selection.

In most of the selections in this book opportunity is given for pantomime work, or, in the parlance of the stage, "business." There is nothing more effective than clever pantomime, and there is nothing more detrimental to skilful impersonation than poor pantomime. The impersonator should remember that the pantomime must be complete, and that each bit of pantomime, or business,

involves three movements—the approach, the actual presentation and the finish.

For example, take one bit of pantomime in the selection, "Johnny Gets Ready For Company," where Johnny is washing his hands. The pantomime demands that the reader first get the soap, use in the ordinary way, drop the soap, then later finish the pantomime by picking up the soap and presenting the other business as given. If the reader does not know where the soap is, the audience will not know. The same definite procedure is necessary in every selection where pantomime is given. There is no special merit in an incomplete pantomime.

In several of the selections given in this book the use of a chair adds materially to the effectiveness of the selection, but can be omitted if necessary. Some declamatory associations have a ruling which prohibits the use of a chair during the rendition of a selection. This ruling, where it exists, should be considered carefully by contestants.

Keep in mind that the monologue is the portrayal or the representation of a certain individuality, the visualized and impersonated picture of a character in action. Whether the audience is presented with a rough sketch, a cartoon, a caricature or a true likeness, depends entirely upon the monologist. —The Author.

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JOHNNY GETS READY FOR COMPANY.

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SCENE: *A bathroom.*

OCCUPANTS: JOHNNY GRAHAM *and his mother.*

JOHNNY *has just been called in from the "gang" at the very moment the new signals are being put into practice. Some of you may have had experience with this sort of thing, and can sympathize with the mother, and understand her sigh of relief and exhaustion as* JOHNNY *slams the bathroom door behind them, merely to emphasize his remarks.*

Aw, gee, maw! I did, too, come right in. There ain't no use of your a-bein' sore 'cause I didn't come right in, 'cause I did, too! Huh? Well, I didn't hear you the first two times you called, honest, I didn't.

(*He stands first on one foot, then on the other, as he talks. He rubs the toe of one shoe on the other shoe.*)

If I didn't hear you how did I know it was the third time? Huh! (*Giggles.*) Don't you know? Why, 'cause you said "Jonathan Wilkes Graham, *come here!*"

The first time you always say "Johnny,—Johnny—John-ee-ee-ee!" And then the next time you always say, "Johnny Graham, did you hear me?"

And the next time you always say, "Jonathan Wilkes Graham, come here!" Why, you see yourself that that's the third time.

Huh? Of course I always start the first time I hear you. But sometimes when I got the ball and I'm a-goin' the other way, why, gee, I hurry as fast as I can, but I have to carry the ball when I got it, ain't I? Gee, you're all the time makin' out like I don't mind.

Besides, I don't see why I got to come in and clean up. The other fellers ain't always a-havin' to clean up. And besides, I ain't much dirty, anyway. And besides, if I do clean up now I'll be all dirty by bedtime, and have to do it all over again. And besides—*what?* The minister is comin'? Aw, shoot! Well, I don't care, I don't like that old minister! No'm, I'm not ashamed. Well, I *ought* to be ashamed if I said I *did* like him, for then I'd be tellin' a lie. Gee whiz! I bet he never made a touchdown—n'r stole a base—n'r rode belly-buster—in his life! Yes'm, I'll hush.

Do I have to wash my face? Well, I just wanted to know. You don't see how I get so dirty? Huh! How's a feller ever a-goin' to amount to anything if he don't do something? Gee whiz! I bet if you was out a-tryin' out them new signals and was under that pile four or five times you wouldn't be so starched up, either. Yes'm, I'll hush.

Well, I don't care if he is comin', I don't see any use of cleanin' up now. That? Oh, that's just a little blood. Gee, that ain't nothin'. Me and Turkey Taylor bumped together. (*Giggles.*) You ought to see Turkey's face!

Sure, I can wash my own face. You don't have to be standin' around here all the time. No, I won't get the bathroom dirty. I don't see any use of washin' all the time, though. Well, *ain't* I a-hurryin'? (*He watches his mother leave, and then tries to balance on one foot. He almost falls, but keeps on trying.*)

Gee, but I'm glad she's gone! (*Calls.*) Maw! Say, maw! Ma-aw! Why, say, why today, why, Jimmy Jones says to Nut Brown—Jimmy is the captain, you know, and he was a-tryin' to speed up the bunch some—and he says, "Nut, you're always behind on every play—just like an old cow's tail!" And Nut, he says, "Huh! That's all you know about an old cow's tail. You just come over and try a-milkin' ours, and you'll find out that an old cow's tail ain't *never* behind!" Say, we just hollered.

What? Have I washed yet? No'm; not exactly. Huh? I been busy. Yes'm, I been a-gettin' ready. No'm, I ain't took off my coat yet. Yes'm, I'm a-goin' to. Yes'm, I'll take off my collar, too. (*Pantomimes taking off coat, throwing it on the floor, then collar and necktie. He holds his collar out and looks at it.*)

Gee, that sure is dirty. Well, I won't have to wash my neck, that's certain, 'cause my collar caught it all and kept my neck clean. (*Pantomimes throwing collar on the floor.*)

Maw! Do you want me to use soap? Well, I just wanted to know. (*To himself.*) Gee, but maw is sore. If it hurt me that bad, I never would

have the minister in to supper. (*Pantomimes taking soap, wetting it as he turns on water. Soap slips from his hand.*) Whee-ee! That soap slipped out of my hand like a forty-centimeter gun! Say, I know! These tooth brushes will do. Now! (*He takes brushes and puts them on the floor.*) Here is an enemy regiment; and here, and here, and here! Now, where's the soap? (*He gets it and puts it on the floor near him.*) Now, here comes the Yanks. (*Whistles and hits floor with hands to imitate fife and drum, and then takes the wet soap and shoots it at brushes.*) Swish! Say, boy! Some shot! That's the way we did it, and that's the way we'll do it every time, if you should interrogate me. Whoop! (*Listens.*)

What? Well, I am hurryin'. I just dropped the soap. (*He looks for it.*) Say, where did that soap go? Gee! It went under the bathtub. Oh well, I'll use Mabel's. It'll make her good and sore when she finds it out. (*He opens the medicine chest and takes out soap, and closes door. Smells soap, sniffs several times.*) Gee, but this smells good. No wonder she's so tight with it. (*He wets the soap and soaps a circle around his nose, leaving that untouched. He then takes a towel and wipes the soap from his face, and throws the towel on the floor.*)

Yes'm, I've washed my face. Of course it's clean. No'm, my ears ain't dirty. Nor my neck, either. (*Pantomimes looking at them in glass while talking.*) Huh? Oh, all r-i-g-h-t! (*He takes another towel, dampens it slightly and passes it lightly over his ears, then looks at towel.*)

Gee, I bet they're clean now, after getting all that off. (*Throws towel on the floor, and lathers hands.*)

Say, but that's a good suds. Looks like whipped cream. Say, soapsuds ought to make a good mustache! (*He makes a mustache out of soapsuds and looks into mirror.*) Why, hello, grandpa! How are you today? Guess I'd better finish this. (*He makes a good suds, spilling a lot, and puts suds all over head. Looks in mirror.*) Why, grandpa, what a nice heavy head of white hair you have! Gee, I believe she's a-comin'! (*He washes furiously, getting soap in his eyes.*) Maw! Do you want me to use these towels with the fringe on? Well, the crochet, then? You don't? Well, I already have. All of them! My towel's on the bathtub? Well, I didn't know it; honest I didn't.

Yes'm, I'm through. No'm, I didn't muss the bathroom. It looks great. No'm, I haven't dressed yet, but I'm a-goin' to, ain't I? Honest, maw, when a feller does his best you don't appreciate him.

Come to the door and let you see? Sure. (*Walks to door.*) My nose? (*He walks back to glass and looks at it.*) I don't see anything the matter with it. That? Oh, that's just a little mud. I got that when I made the touchdown. Yes'm, I'll wash it. Do you want me to use the towel on the bathtub? (*He takes towel, dampens it and then rubs his nose vigorously.*)

There, that'll do. What? You want me to change my clothes? Aw, gee! Shirt on the bed?

Yes'm. No'm, I didn't muss the bathroom any. It looks great. Yes'm, I'll hurry. Yes'm!

(*He goes out, jigging and whistling.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR RENDITION
OF
"JOHNNY GETS READY FOR COMPANY."

Make Johnny a regular boy. Watch your pantomimes very carefully in this monologue, as they add a very great amount of interest. Whenever it is possible, originate any clever pantomime which may occur to you, and be very sure to work out carefully all pantomimes mentioned in the monologue.

Never drop the character in any of your movements. Remember that he is decidedly out of humor at being disturbed while playing, and then he forgets that, in his indignation at having to clean up. This in turn he forgets when telling his mother of the game, etc. Contrast these different moods, and remember that at the close of the monologue he is happy again.

Work out the details of the suds, soap on head and mustache, and then his getting soap in his eyes.

AUNT POLLY AT THE RURAL AID SOCIETY.

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SCENE: *The living room of an "Aider's" home.*

OCCUPANTS: *The Ladies' Aid Society.* AUNT POLLY *opens the door and speaks:*

Well, howdy, folks! Hard at it, ain't you? I'm sorry I had to be late, but I'm doin' well to be here at all. When I get my hat off I'll tell you all about it. No, I don't care to look in the mirror. I look as the Lord made me, and if you don't like it, blame Him, not me. I'd be handsome if I had my way, but as it is I grin and bear it. At that, it's harder on the rest of you than it is on me.

Well, I was goin' to tell you why I was so late, Clorindy. First place, we overslept, and me with the bread to bake and the churnin' and all. Did I get my bread out? Well, I did and I didn't. That comes in the story of my troubles.

What did you say, Mary? Am I still churnin' instead of sendin' the cream to the creamery? Yes'm and no'm. I churn for our folks and send the rest in. To my mind it's a case of what you don't know don't hurt you—but as for myself I know the cream some folks send.

Well, as I was sayin', there was extra work, inside and out, and—well, I'll just get to work,

and tell you while I sew. What are you makin' today? Clothes for the heathen? Well, just give me pants or anything.

(*She threads her needle and sews while she talks. Occasionally she polishes her glasses.*)

Well, I hurried around and got breakfast out of the way, and I left the dishes while I worked down the bread, and then I thought I'd do the churnin' while everything was in a mess, anyway, and so I churned and churned, and *finally* the butter come, and I got it all worked down, and just as I started to the cellar with it the phone rang three shorts and one long. That's them new folks's call that just moved on the Somers place.

I was on the kitchen step, so I had to run, and I admit that I ain't so light on my feet as I used to be, and as I passed the churn I slipped and fell —and I tell you right now I didn't light on my feet that time. (*Laughs.*) Of course I had to knock the churn over. And as for buttermilk! —it went part on me and part on the floor, and the only reason it didn't cover both of us was because there was more of me and the floor than there was buttermilk. Well, by the time I'd grabbed a towel and wiped a part of that buttermilk offen me, and got to the phone, they was a sayin' good-bye.

Pass me some thread, Lucindy, will you?

(*She takes thread, threads needle, bites off thread, knots it, and sews.*)

Well, I was sure mad when I looked at that floor

and my dress, and me only a-gettin' to hear them say good-bye, to boot. There wasn't nothin' to do but to get down and scrub up that mess, and I was that mad I put a lot of action in it. By the time I was through I was feelin' better, for if I do say it, a shinin' kitchen floor does brighten a body up.

I was sort of tired, so when I heard the Millers' call I went to the phone, for you know as well as I do that that woman knows more about the neighborhood than any one else. Of course if the rest of us wanted to let our work go, and listen in when we'd no business to, we'd know a few things too. Why, Mary Miller doesn't think a thing of leavin' a kitchen full of dirty dishes while she wastes time a-listenin' to folks talk. Well, I suppose it's her business.

Well, as I was sayin', I should have known better, for it always takes her forever and a day to tell all she knows, and she's a fast talker at that. So, I sat there fifty-eight minutes by the clock, and every time I thought I would hang up she'd start something else, so I just made up my mind that if she had time to talk, I had time to listen. I just turned my back to them dirty dishes and pans, for Mary had been to Golden Year Circle yesterday, and I must say I got an earful. To tell the truth, I got two ears full, for when one got tired I'd switch to the other.

What did she say? Well, I don't believe in tellin' things at Aid that you don't want told, so I won't say anything.

Did you know that Jim Sparks and his wife are

about to separate? Neither did I until I heard Mary Miller tell Ruth Parker. Of course she told her not to tell, but you know Ruth. It'll be all over the country tomorrow, see if it isn't. Yes, it seems that Lucy is tired of movin' around all the time.

First, Jim wanted to farm, and they moved out on the Jenkins place, but when it come time for the spring plowin' Jim thought he would rather paper-hang, so they moved to Bradleyville. He done just one room and he wasted so much paper on the job that he lost money. It seems that the paper had trees in it and the woman wanted them all pointin' up, so Jim quit.

So next—let's see—they moved to Carlyle, and he tried clerkin' in a store. But Jim thought the proprietor knew more about the prices than he did, so he let him do the sellin'. Both the proprietor and Jim thought it was too confinin' for Jim, so Jim quit. Then he tried—well, I forget jest what—but anyway, it was jest one thing after another.

Better stick to one thing, you say, Millie? Yes, you're right. I've allus said that some folks don't have enough glue in their make-up, and Jim Sparks is one of them. I'm a great believer in stickin' to things, myself. Find something worth doing and use your mucilage on it, and don't go around usin' a little on everything. If there's anything in this world as complete a waste as too little glue, I don't know what it is.

Well, as I was sayin', I sat at that phone for fifty-eight minutes, by the kitchen clock, so of

course I had to hurry my work. I went out to the well for a bucket of water, and when I come in, that ornry pup dog of Bill's come in the door. I tried to chase him out and he run under the stove. I had to get the broom after him, and I was a wavin' it around and ker-plunk!—if I didn't hit that bread pan, and down it went on that clean kitchen floor!

Before I could breathe, out come that pup. He made one dive for the dough, and it, bein' soft, instead of stayin' in his mouth, spread all over the front of him, and back he went under the kitchen stove. (*Laughs.*) By the time I got that pup out doors the kitchen looked like some of Jim Sparks's paper-hanging.

How does that look, Lucindy? (*Hands over a garment.*) Well, all right. I'll finish it, then. Hand me the scissors, somebody. These button holes are too small. (*Takes scissors and cuts button-holes.*) I'm always glad when I get to the button-holes. Don't like to make them? Well, I do. You do the rest and I'll make them.

Well, you can just imagine that kitchen. And I declare I never saw one bakin' of bread go so far in my life. Then—law me! I heard somebody at the front door. Why not let on like there was nobody at home? Well, I couldn't, exactly, for I had just finished talkin' to that pup, and though our nearest neighbor lives about half a quarter away, I'm not sure yet but what I'll be churched for my language.

Well, I went to the door, and there stood my city niece and her beau. They had drove out in

an automobile, and she was standin' there a-tellin' him what a good cook I am, and how I was allus ready for company, and all. If I'd known they come in an auto I wouldn't have gone to the door, for they hadn't heard me. But there I was, and I had to ask them in and act glad. You wouldn't? Well, you see, I'm plannin' to put up at their house for the week, come State Fair time. Well, I smiled—but it was a slow smile. Them as like can have their smiles slow, but as fer me, I'm a bit suspicious of them. The only slow smile I like is one that is slow in leavin'. As a rule I like mine quick and numerous.

Hand me another pair of pants that's ready for the button-holes, somebody. Well, if I'd tell you how fast I worked and what we had to eat, you wouldn't believe me, so what's the use? Anyway, they left, and I walked to the gate with them, and smiled and waved as long as I could see them, and I got to the Aid, even if I was late, and some little heathen will have a pair of pants, anyway.

I was a-tellin' John as we drove over here that I never do anything for anybody but ourselves, for John thought I ought to stay at home and rest, after all I'd been through. I snapped back at him that no matter what I had gone through with in this life, so far I hadn't suffered any with an over-developed right arm caused by castin' my bread upon the waters.

Well, I don't know how it happened, but when I said that about castin' my bread, I thought of that pup and the bread dough, and I got to

laughin', and I laughed and laughed, and I been all right ever since.

My son, John junior, was home from college at Christmas, and one mornin' when I called him to get up he was a talkin' something about sleep knitting up his careless sleeve, or something like that, so I laughed and said to John, comin' over, well, sleep may knit a sleeve, but laughin' smooths out the worries like a hot flatiron. I'd been rubbed on the washboard of work and worry all morning, and got pretty damp and wrinkled, but I was all ironed out by a good laugh.

Well, here's this pair, and heaven help the little heathen that wears 'em. I had to hurry the button-holes a lot, for the committee put me on to make the coffee today. I'll go make it, and I'll tell you while we drink it what I heard Mary Miller say to Ruth Parker over the phone this morning.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "AUNT POLLY AT THE RURAL AID SOCIETY."

Fair, fat, cheerful Aunt Polly! Good-natured, unassuming, willing, helpful Aunt Polly! Aunt Polly knows that a good hearty laugh "never did hurt nobody."

A number of pantomimes are suggested in this monologue, and should be followed carefully. Add to these suggestions. Remember, she isn't afraid of a joke, even if it is on herself.

Aunt Polly moves as a woman who weighs one

hundred and ninety-three pounds moves. The lightest thing about her is her heart.

Watch your pantomimes and show the difference in your movements when you change from seams to button-holes. Do the usual things—thread needle, knot thread, polish glasses, etc. When removing hat, hunt the pins, and afterward smooth hair with your hands.

THE STRAP-HANGERS.

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SCENE: *A street car during rush hour.*

ENTER: MAYBELLE *and* NORA. MAYBELLE *speaks*:

Excuse me, madam (*pantomimes pushing way through crowd*), but if you *won't* step over when you are asked to, you're bound to get shoved some! Car too full now? Sure it is. This ain't no parlor car. If you find it too crowded and want to get off, just ring the bell. That's the custom here. (*Turns to* NORA.)

Gee, but these old dames make me sick. They hang around down town until the rush hour, and then they want a private car. I should worry if she heard me! (*To another woman.*)

Stepped on your foot? I'm sorry. (*Expression changes as though growing angry.*) Huh! (*Looks down.*) Well, I have to stand *somewhere,* don't I? (*To* NORA.) If I had a foot as big as that, I'd expect to have it stepped on. (*She lurches with the car.*)

I hope our friend the motorman is enjoying himself on his joy-ride. (*Lurches again, looks around.*) Well, as long as all the men are nicely seated and comfortable, we won't disturb them. (*She looks up.*) There's a strap. I'll get it, and

you hold on to me. (*She crowds forward a few steps, and sways.*) My land, it would take a sailor to walk on this car. (*She reaches strap.*) Now, you hold on to me. (*She holds to strap, and sways with the car as she talks.*)

Look what that sign is above us, honey. They must have knew the way they was a-goin' to crowd these cars. Yes, that one—Omega oil, good for bruises. (*Steps back to let someone pass.*) Well, I'm glad they're out. Every little bit helps—though nobody would call *her* little, would they? It's a shame the way some women let themselves go.

Say, look at that woman with all them kids. Why can't they get home before the rush hour, anyway? Take up all this room for — cents. (*Names local fare.*) What? I bet she did *not* pay fare for them kids; nothing doing. If women that ain't got nothing to do would go home when they ought to, we wouldn't be givin' unwillin' imitations of sardines every night. We're poor fish to stand it. Suckers, you say? You said it. (*She tries to take the strap with her other hand, sways and steps.*) What? Broke your umbrella? Oh, I'm so sorry. It's too bad. (*Changes her expression.*) Oh, well, you needn't be so savage about it. If you'd had it where it belonged it wouldn't have been stepped on. Pay for it? Who? Me? (*Glares at her.*) Not on your life, I won't! You paid your fare and you are sitting down, I paid the same fare and I'm standing up. You don't get the whole car with your money. The company wants to make it pleasant for us strap-

hangers, so they throw in umbrellas out in the middle of the aisle for us to step on. Why, my favorite standin' ground is other folks' umbrellas. I go around hunting for them. (*To* NORA.) Wouldn't she make you sick? (*Lets more people pass.*) Look, Nora, at that girl down there in the third seat. Isn't she a peach? Good complexion? Sure it is, I sold it to her myself. She's about the most pleasant person that comes to our shop; actually knows I'm human. Can you beat it? How do you like these choker collar things some of these Janes are wearing? See, there's one—look. (*Giggles.*) There's a woman with a short, thick neck, with one on. She hasn't had a good breath today, poor thing, but what does she care? She feels stylish. That woman with her has a long thin neck, so she wears a flat collar. (*Lets more people pass.*)

Say, there is Jerry Moore sittin' over there. Jerry has an office job, so he can leave in time to get a seat. Pretends he doesn't know that there are any women standing.

Gee, but my feet hurt! Come on, let's move forward and maybe we'll get a seat. If I am at the back of the car, the people at the front get off, and if I am at the front, they pile off the back step. (*They move forward and she gets another strap.*)

Whatchuh goin' to do tonight? Movies? Who's on? No, I haven't saw that yet. Is it good? I'm simply crazy about him, ain't you? Ain't he got the grandest eyes? Hair? Say, I heard

the other day that his hair ain't naturally curly at all—permanent wave, with water wave! Can you beat it? I sure like it better than the patent-leather effect, though. Grandpa said he used to do the same thing with goose-grease. Who? No, her hair ain't naturally curly. She wears wigs. Honest, she does! There's a girl in our shop who has a cousin who works on the lot with her, and she says she always wears wigs in the pictures. I guess some of 'em ain't such a much at looks, after all.

Look at that fat woman gettin' off. Get that seat—quick! (*They sit.*) Lawsy! Ain't this just grand? I sure had one fierce day today. I'm just dead. My feet aches somethin' terrible. Every old hen in town wants to look like the queens of the movies. This workin' in a beauty shop is no snap. Made a bunch of commissions today, though. I never saw so many homely women in my life as come in today. But that suits me. The uglier they are the harder they fall for beauty lotions. Gee, but I am tired. One old dame took every blessed thing we give. Help her? Oh, I dunno. But it didn't hurt her any. It couldn't. (*Giggles.*) It was a good deal like trying to make a vanity case out of a pig's ear, as the old saying goes. (*Sighs.*)

This is the first chance I've had to sit down today. I didn't even get to go out for lunch. I had to eat a sandwich standin' up. I don't feel like I ever wanted to arise from this haven of rest. How was things at the store today? Sale on

white goods? When is your sale a-comin' off? Well, you have my sympathy.

Say, look at that woman standin' there holdin' that big baby. (*She calls.*) Lady; *lady!* Yes, you! Come here. Here, take this seat. (*She gets up.*) Oh, no'm, I ain't so tired. (*She gets strap and looks down at baby, and plays with it a minute.*)

What's his name? Mary? Well, she sure is cute. Twins? Now, ain't that lovely? Your mother kept the other one? I see. I suppose you take one down and fit them both that way. What? Now, don't you worry. No'm, don't you think I'm so tired as all that. The way that little Mary kicks and jumps, I'll bet you are the tired one. Does she keep that up all the time? Well, my land!

Nora, look at her hair! Isn't that sweet? There it is, over her little ears! I believe it's curly. (*Looks carefully.*) Yes, sir; it is! Now, ain't that lucky? She sure won't need no permanent wave.

Gee, I wonder if my feet was ever that little? Just look at them, Nora. Oh, no, Mary, I wouldn't put nasty pocket book in mouf; oh, no, nassy ol' thing. Say, Nora, did you see her dimples when she laughed? You say you couldn't get your work done in time to get down any earlier? I'll just bet you couldn't; not with twins. You hate to take up so much room with your baby cab and packages? Well, you've got just as much right here as anybody. The street cars is for the accommodation of the public.

No, we don't have any home. We got a room and do light housekeeping. Yes, we stay at 4968 Jefferson Street. You live just a block from there? Where did you say? Well, what do you think of that? Sure, we'll come over to see you. We'd like to very much. And I sure would like to see the other twin, wouldn't you, Nora? (*Looks out.*)

The next stop is yours. You ring the bell. Now, I'll take the baby buggy to the door for you. (*She picks up the folded buggy.*) Come along, Nora, and we'll be ready to get off at the next stop. (*She carries the buggy to the door.*) Here you are, lady. Goodbye. (*She watches the woman as she gets off the car and leaves. Then she looks back as the car goes on, and waves, lurching when the car starts.*)

Ring the bell, Nora, will you? Gee, I hope the milk won't be sour again tonight. Lawzy, but my feet hurt. Say, do you know I forgot to get—

(*Exits while talking.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION
OF
"THE STRAP-HANGERS."

The girl in this monologue is just an average girl who is called upon to make her own way in life. She is usually quite a happy, cheerful sort of a person, but tonight she is very tired, and an occasional short "flare up" is the natural result. Being human, other humans annoy her at times.

Bring out all the different inflections in her voice, from the tired, half-way-cross, angry, natural moods to the kindly, sympathetic moods showing the innate goodness of heart.

Pantomime her pushing her way through the crowd. The conductor has undoubtedly asked that the passengers "Please step to the front of the car," and the passengers have, as usual, failed to do so. So, Maybelle pushes her way through —not *too* carefully.

She is so tired that she is irritated by small things which she would ordinarily overlook. After she reaches the strap, she hangs to it, occasionally changing her hold from one hand to the other. Watch this pantomime, push down your sleeve, etc.

When she breaks the umbrella she is truly sorry, but when the woman begins to scold she becomes vexed.

Use the names of any local movie favorites where mention is made of actresses.

She is glad to give up her seat to the woman with the baby, and talks to her cheerfully.

Exit in good humor.

LITTLE MAYMIE ATTENDS THE MOVIES.

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SCENE: *A sun parlor.*

OCCUPANTS: LITTLE MAYMIE *and her* GRANDFATHER. *In reply to her* GRANDFATHER'S *inquiry as to "What have you been doing these days?"* MAYMIE *answers*:

I bet you never did know what we did yesterday! Guess! No, sir! We never went to Sunday School, 'cause yesterday wasn't not the day to have it. We went to the *movies*, that's what we did, yes-sir!

W'y, yesterday, I dunno why, but someways, yesterday, w'y, ever'thing I do is bad—no matter *what!* An' my mamma ist scold and scold and *scold!* An' it wasn't my fault, neever, 'cause it ist rain all day for four or six days—and my mamma she ist get scoldier and scoldier ever' day. W'y, my mamma she even scolded the rain, and she said, for pity sakes, why couldn't it stop a minute, and let that child get out of doors, so's she could get *some* rest!

W'y, my goodness me, you'd think the way my mamma talk that *I* made it rain! An' just 'cause I wanted to cut out paper dolls when she wanted me to look at a pitcher book—w'y, she don't like that! But I guess I know what I want to do when I want to do somethin'. Only, yesterday, after I had started to cut out paper dolls,—w'y, after I

had started—w'y, *'nen* I wanted to play train. An' I don't want to play train unless I can blow my whistle and ring my bell. And she won't let me! An' that's ist how she act all day long. 'Nen —'nen—

W'y, the night before today—no, it was the night before yesterday—w'y, when my daddy got home she telled him what a bad girl I been all day —and—'bout the old rain. And he ist *grin!* And *that* made my mamma mad some more, and she ist telled him ist like she talked to me, that if *he'd* been home wiv it all day he wouldn't *grin* any! 'Nen—'nen—w'y, my daddy he ist take the grin wite off his face, and he and me go into the living-room, and he plays wiv me, and tells me stories, and sings me purty soon to sleep.

An' so—an' so—w'y, yesterday, the rain it ist rained some more, and what do you think? My daddy he ist come home 'fore nobody at all was lookin' for him, and my mamma say as quick as anything, "Are you sick?"

'Nen my daddy ist laugh, and say, "No, but things were as dull as an old razor blade down at the office, so I thought I'd help you out a little, and come home and take the little nuisance out."

An' I ist run and say, "I want to go, *too*, daddy. I want to go, too!"

'Nen my daddy, he ist grin his eyes at me and say, "Is anybody in this house want to go to the movies?"

Oh, my! I ist run and holler, "Yes!" ist as loud as I could holler, and I jumped up and down and hollered some more.

'Nen my mamma say, all scoldy-like, "Well, why didn't you 'phone, so's I could have her ready?"

'Nen my daddy says, " 'Cause I'll get her ready myself!"

My mamma smiled a funny smile, and said, "She'll look *nice!*"

"Sure she will," my daddy said. "She'll suit me!"

An' 'nen—what do you think? My daddy ist made my mamma go lie down. 'Nen he looked at me, and 'nen he put his head over on one side and looked at me, an' 'nen he said, "W'y, where's your face?"

An' I got ist as scared as anything, 'cause I was afraid I'd lost it somewheres, but I put my hand up, an' there it was—ist where it allus *is*—so I say, "W'y, daddy, here it is!"

'Nen he look some more, an' 'nen he say, "Is my little girl's face under all *that?*" 'Cause that's how he says he thinks my face is dirty! He is ist the funniest daddy they is anywheres, yessir! 'Nen I holler and laugh, an' say, "Yes, daddy, it's there somewheres!"

So, we ist get a wet towel and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed, and purty soon my daddy say, "Well, well, who in the world would have looked for such a nice little face under all that?" 'Nen—we washed our hands, too. 'Nen my daddy look at my dress an' shake his head, but I ist say, "Let's hurry, daddy, an' anyway my coat hides it." So we went an' put it on, an' you couldn't hardly see any dirt on my dress at all, 'cause you couldn't hardly see any dress! 'Nen my daddy say, "Its

hair is awful, but its bonnet is big," and we was ready.

An' 'nen—what do you think? My mamma was *asleep!* Wite in the day-time—ist like a little girl, an' not like a mamma at all.

So we got into the auto an' went! I ist bet you never did have such a good time in all your life as we did, I ist bet you! Only, when we got to the place where the movies is at, w'y, they was boys in all the good seats, and we had to sit *way back* to where my daddy said was row seven. But I could see, anyhow, an' sometimes I would ist get so tickled I would forget an' stand up in the seat—but not so *very* much—only I didn't sit down *any* the first time we saw it. But after that I sat down some. An' 'nen—

Did you ever go to the movies? I know what kind I like best, I bet you! Ist where they run an' fall down, an' run some more. An' 'nen some more folks run an' fall down—an' fall off houses. But it don't hurt 'em none. An' automobiles hit folks but it don't hurt 'em none, an' somethin' ist happen to somebody ever' minute—ist all the *time* —an' *fights!* An' you ist laugh an' holler, an' folks sit down in water an' get all wet, an' you ist laugh, an' they spills things an' you laugh, an'— an'—'nen the stove-pipe falls down on the dressed-up man an' gets him all dirty! Oh, my! I ist holler, 'nen! (*She laughs while telling it.*)

An'—an'—*dogs*—when they go get the baby —or—anyway, when they get someplace ist in time—an' ever'body clap like anything, an' the boys ist whistle! Oh, my! It's ist that kind I

like the best! An' that is what we saw yesterday —an' the cutest dogs. My, I bet you never did see what cute dogs they was! (*Giggles.*) An' ist ever'body have an awful time, an' I laugh like anything 'cause—well, 'cause—I don't know why. Oh, they was the most funny things happen. I ist can't remember 'em all, 'cause we didn't see it hardly any. But I ist had the bestest time—an' eat candy—'cause we bought some choc'lates when we come in, so I ist laugh an' holler an' have a good time!

W'y, purt' near as soon as when we first got there my daddy wanted to go, an' I ist yelled, "N-o-o!" 'Nen he says, "S-h-h!" So we stayed. 'Nen, purty soon my daddy say, "Listen, now! Two and a half times an' an ice cream cone, or three times an' no cone at all. Which is it?"

So we had to go.

'Nen, purty soon I was settin' on a big stool ist like a big person does, an' I could see in the lookin'-glass to the drug store, an' what do you think? I had choc'late on my mouth ist *exactly* like a mustache, purt' near!

'Nen my daddy pulls out his watch, an' says, "Come along, Snookums, we've been gone nearly four hours."

So, we went to where my mamma was at to home, an' she ist come a-runnin', an' she ist kiss me four or six times, an'—an' she ask me did I have a good time, an'—an' she never scold nothin' 'bout my mustache, an'—an' she ist act so tickled to see me, w'y—w'y, you'd think it had never rained in all our whole lives, yes-sir!

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "LITTLE MAYMIE ATTENDS THE MOVIES."

Little Maymie is still very excited and hilarious over her movie party. In the first part of the selection where she asks you to guess where she has been, show that she is very much amused when you guess the wrong places, and also that she is very anxious to tell you all about it.

Make it plain that she doesn't understand why her mother was cross with her.

She grows much amused while telling of the picture show, and she laughs almost constantly. She sees the picture in her mind while describing it, and becomes so excited at times that she almost stammers.

Give particular attention to her gestures, her facial expression, and her emphasis. These differ radically from the gestures, expression and emphasis of an older girl.

She has had a wonderful time, and is sure that every one likes her kind of movies.

THE CHEERFUL LAUNDRESS.

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SCENE: *A kitchen.*

OCCUPANT: MRS. SIMMONS.

ENTER: THE CHEERFUL LAUNDRESS.

Good morning, Mis' Simmons! My, but I'm glad you got the ironin' board up and the irons hot, so's I can get right to work. When I'm a-workin' by the hour I like to get right at it. My, but it's a nice big wash this week.

(*Removes hat, hangs it up, smooths her hair. She then takes a garment from the basket, shakes it out and puts it on the ironing board. Then she goes to the stove, picks up an iron handle, gets an iron and "ticks" it. Walks back to ironing board with iron, and irons while she talks.*)

You know, Mis' Simmons, I can't understand why you don't get one of them there electrified irons, instead of these old sad irons. It sure would save you time. (*Laughs.*) I guess the reason they call them sad irons is because it would make anybody sad to use them when they could get an electrified one. (*She changes position of garment from time to time as she irons.*) I could *electrocute* your clothes in no time.

Ain't it a grand morning? Sure is a nice day for the Aid picnic. I 'spose you're goin', ain't you? Well, I hope you have good luck. (*Laughs.*)

Ain't it simply wonderful the way things happen at an Aid picnic? Somebody lost, or hurt, or poison-ivied, or eat too much, or something, every time! I bet that Johnny Graham won't be bringin' in no hornets' nest for folks to look at *this* year.

Well, I suppose everybody and all their folks will be there today. I saw Ralph Jones a-washin' their old flivver as I come by. He's a-goin' after Mary Wilkins, I bet. His dad can't make him wash that car for love or money, but he always cleans it up for Mary.

Last week I was a-ironin' over to Wilkins', and Ralph stopped in. He can find lots of things to stop for these days. Ralph was a-feelin' skittish, as usual, and it made Dave Wilkins mad—I kind of think Ralph does it a-purpose—and so Dave got to carryin' on about the way young folks act nowadays, and what with joy-ridin' and all, he doesn't know what the world is a-comin' to. Then Ralph spoke right up to him, as impudent as if he was talkin' to his own father.

"Joy riding? You call it joy riding in that old flivver? Well, I can manage to drive her with one hand, all right, but land! When I run on *low* it wakes the neighborhood! It isn't like your time, Mr. Wilkins, when all you had to do was to tie the lines around the whip, and let old Moll take the road home." (*Laughs.*) And then that fool boy gave a big sigh, and moaned, "Oh, why wasn't I born sooner? But too late—too late! Them was the happy days!"

I had to laugh at him, though he should have

been spanked. Ever since he made a hit in the high school play, that boy just *acts* all over the whole place.

Then Grandma Wilkins began to go on about Mary bein' allowed to go to dances, and tellin' how different things were when *she* was a girl—and all—you know how they talk.

Yes'm, you're right. Yes'm, there's some truth to it. That's right, Mis' Simmons. But I had to laugh at Ralph, though. He went over to grandma and he put his arm around her just like some movie actor, and then he looked down at her, and grinned, and *winked!* Yes'm, that young scalawag winked at Grandma Wilkins, and then he said:

"Say, grandma, how about those times I heard you and my Grandma Jones talking about, when you rode twenty miles to dances—sometimes horseback—and didn't get back until *daylight!* Eh, grandma? Oh, the pity of it! It was simply scandoolous! Mind you," he says to me, "this all happened before my grandma was married—and she was married at sixteen! Oh, you bad, bad, bad girl, you! How your grandchildren would have worried if they had only known about it!"

And then he chucks grandma under the chin, and says to Mary, "Mary, you old seventeen-year-old *old maid!*" Grandma just laughed, and didn't say any more.

My, I remember as well as anything how my grandmother talked to me when I was young. And I hope I'll live to hear what *this* generation says to the *next* one. It'll be quite a worry to them, what with the city boys a-flyin' out in them

little airships built for two, to take the girls to town, and vice-versa.

You don't see what some girls' folks are thinkin' of, the way they let the girls dress?

Well, I don't know but what you're right, at that. Yes'm, I guess you're right, all right. It always has been hard to be real sensible and stylish at the same time. My, I remember when I was a girl I wore enough starched clothes to fill a basket. Big full petticoats, and ruffled. And the dresses—my land!—all ruffled and pleated. It sure took a lot of strength out of somebody's life to keep a girl washed and ironed, in those days. Now'days a girl can just about stick all of her clothes in a little pan of suds, hang them up to dry, and she's through.

And then think of the winter times—jest think of them, Mis' Simmons! Them big, thick, long, heavy old flannels, and them heavy old full skirts that just about broke your back to carry around. One thing is certain, a girl will never break her back a-carryin' her clothes around these days. (*Laughs.*) Though I'm not sayin' she won't sunburn it, or freeze it, as the case may be.

Oh, yes, I was a-tellin' you about Ralph and Dave Wilkins. Well, Dave got more and more sputtery, and finally left, and I said to Ralph that it was a wonder he wasn't afraid to talk to Mr. Wilkins that way. (*Laughs.*) Then what do you suppose that fool boy says?

"Oh," he says, important-like—and you know how important-like a boy of eighteen can act when he wants to—and he *usually wants* to—"Oh, Dave

Wilkins is all right; just a little fussy, that's all. He makes me think of a bottle of pop—it *fizzes* up a lot, but there's no *kick* to it!" (*Laughs.*) And Ralph a deacon's son!

I surely do get a nice lot of wash after the Aid picnic. I s'pose there'll be lots of good things to eat. Well, the ones who takes the fullest baskets to the picnic ain't allus the ones who give their help the most to eat; no siree! You'd be surprised to see what some of those Aiders set out for me to eat—and me doin' a full day's work. You'd never know I was a human; think I was a canary. I said to Mis' Turby I had a notion to tell them that old story about the man who gave his canary away because it kept singing "Cheap, cheap!"

Well, they don't make anything by it, for I can't iron as fast when I'm hungry. It takes strength to iron, and you don't get it from a bowl of soup made from scraps of last night's round-steak.

Are you goin' to take angel-food to the picnic? I was telling Mis' Turby that I had heard folks say that you make the best angel-food of anybody in town. Well, I don't doubt it, for there ain't many such cooks as you in this neck of the woods.

Shall I do Mr. Simmons' shirts soft or starched? Lawsy! (*Laughs.*) He said not to starch the tails this week? (*Laughs.*) I didn't suppose he'd notice a little thing like that, but I dropped them into the starch, sort of accidental-like, last week. (*Sniffs.*)

Um-m-m! My, but that does smell good. It's pretty hard to beat a meat loaf with a little onion

in it when it comes to smellin', ain't it? I ain't never et any of your meat loaf, but I bet it's good. Them Aiders will think so, too.

I suppose Mis' Mitchell will be there, pore thing! Yes'm, I said "pore thing." I can't help but feel sorry for her since they made all that money out of oil on that old worthless farm they couldn't sell to nobody. She'll never feel at home in that big new house like she did in the old cottage.

My, the way that woman loved her flowers and plants!

Well, I dunno, but it always seemed to me that a person who loved plants and shrubs like she did don't do so well when you move 'em away. She's been a-livin' right there with her lilacs and hollyhocks and flowers, and she'll miss 'em. A person is a good deal like a peony—that kind of a person is, I mean—leave 'em alone and they'll bloom their heads off, but start movin' 'em around and it takes 'em a long time to get used to it. It's all right to dig out a few new plants for the new homes, but let the old plants stay.

Do you know that new woman by the name of Hobbs? I helped her last week, and she is a right nice little woman. Ain't her little boy a slick one, though? Last week, while I was out a-hangin' out the clothes he come a-runnin' out wrapped in a sheet. He had tried to jump over the tub of bluin' water, and he was holdin' his clothes out, and askin' me to twist the water out of them before his maw saw him.

He has outgrowed some of his clothes and she

gave them to me. There's a lot of difference in folks that way. Some folks holds on to their stuff until it rots. Of course, I wouldn't ask nobody for nothin', but if they offers I'm sure glad to get it.

You got some things you can give me the next time I come? Well, well, bless your heart, if that ain't jest like you. You're the beatinest thing to think up nice things to do for folks that I ever seen. There ain't a selfish bone in your whole body.

Smells like that meat loaf is 'most done. My, it must be nice to go to the Aid picnic and have meat loaf and all. Not that I care so much about goin'. You see, I ain't never been to one, and you don't miss what you never had—*much.*

What's that you're a-doin', Mis' Simmons? What? Cuttin' me some of that meat loaf? Well, did you ever! To think of me a-settin' here a-eatin' meat loaf! You say you're goin' to leave me a slice of that *angel-food cake?* You mean for *me?* Well—if that ain't grand! Why, Mis' Simmons, I ain't had a piece of angel-food cake since I was a girl. It makes me feel so good that I got little streaks goin' up and down my back—like bugs! They *ain't* bugs, Mis' Simmons, I know that, but I don't know what they are. Yes, I do, too. Them little things a-goin' up and down my back is *joy*—a-havin' *joy-rides.* I never knowed what a joy-ride was, before.

Got your basket all packed? Well, you must let me carry it out when you're ready, because I

know it's heavy. Oh, you've got a new hat, haven't you? My, it sure is pretty!

Now, be sure and have a good time. And I guess you will, 'cause it is *wished* on you, and you can't get it off.

Have you got the vaccuum bottle? (*Picks up basket as if it were heavy, and starts out.*) Be careful where you spread the table, and don't sit down on no ant hills. To think of me havin' angel-food!

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION
OF
"THE CHEERFUL LAUNDRESS."

The title gives you the idea of cheerfulness. Keep this in mind while working out your mind picture of the character. The note throughout the monologue is one of cheer, and the heartier the laughter, the better the portrayal of character will be.

Do not forget to work out your pantomimes very carefully. Watch to see that you finish each movement—that when you start to iron a garment you shift the piece occasionally, and finally fold it and put it away before taking up the next piece.

Do not forget to "tick" the iron occasionally, and to change irons frequently. Be sure to keep the stove in the same place—that is, when you go to it to change irons, go to that exact spot each time.

Always shake out the garment before you start to iron it. Study all your pantomimes carefully, and they will come to you naturally.

JOHN TELLS A BEDTIME STORY.

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SCENE: *A bedroom.*

OCCUPANTS: JOHN *and* MAYMIE. *Their mother has been called to the telephone, and after admonishing the children to "go straight to sleep," leaves. When he hears her talking downstairs,* JOHN *remarks as follows:*

Oh, gee, Maymie, you're all the time a-hollerin' about a bedtime story! I don't see why you think you got to have mamma tell you a story ever' single night! I bet I could tell a better story'n she could. I can, too! W'y, I bet I can tell a bigger story than—than—even daddy, and he can tell the biggest stories they is!

All right. Sure, I'll tell you one. What do you want me to tell it about? "Ist anything!" (*Mimics her.*) Well, my land! How could anybody tell nothin' about "ist anything"!

Look, Maymie, can you see the wart on my thumb? (*Shows her.*) You can't? W'y, there it is! (*Points.*) It's a-comin', all right. Yesterday me and Tommy Bates found a toad, and I rubbed my thumb on him and Tommy rubbed his thumb, an' now we're a-goin' to have warts, sure! Maybe like that feller Johnny Graham was a-tellin' about. He was tellin' Turkey Taylor and Nut Brown, and I stopped and listened.

W'y, honest to goodness, Johnny knew a feller

what lived where they used to, what had a wart come where he had rubbed a toad, and that wart grew and grew and it got to be as big as my pencil eraser, and it grew and grew 'til it got as big as a pencil. And it grew and grew 'til it got as big as his arm—and it a-stickin' out on his thumb like that, see? And it grew and it grew 'til it got so long that when he went to bed he had to raise the window and stick it out the window! Yessir! W'y, it *is* so, too, 'cause Johnny Graham *knew* the feller! He said so, Johnny did.

Well, a circus heard about this feller and wanted him to go along with them, but his mamma wouldn't let him go, 'cause the truant officer said he had to go to school. And the boy's mamma felt awful bad about it—the wart, I mean, not the boy goin' to school. So one day the boy heard of a charm that *never failed* to take warts off. All you had to do was to get a horse hair out of a white horse's tail, and soak it in water three days, take it out and put it in a broken eggshell, then carry it behind your back while you walked around the house three times with your eyes shut, then put it on the ground and stamp on it, and then take the nearest thing to it and soak *it* in vinegar and salt for ten minutes and then rub the horse hair with it, and then put it in your shoe and wear it in there all day, and then at night tie it around the wart—and if you do, w'y, the next morning the wart is gone, *sure!*

Well, sir, this boy did it, and what do you think happened to that wart? No sir, it didn't! It

didn't do a thing to it. Johnny Graham said that this feller didn't know what to do, when one night, all of a sudden, the window fell down and cut that wart off and that wart has never been seen since! Yep, that's a fact, for Johnny Graham said so. W'y, he knew the feller!

This same feller could do 'most anything, Johnny says. He says this feller made a kite so big one day that it picked him up and carried him clear across the ocean and landed him on a desert isle. Just like Robinson Crusoe! And there wasn't *nobody* there except cannibals and bears and tigers! And all the water there was to drink was ocean water—and salty, so he had to dig a well. It was kind of handy that he had the spade with him, for he was goin' out to spade a flower bed for his mother when the kite carried him away. So he dug a well. And first he came to water, but he thought he would dig some more, and then he came to diamonds, but he kept on diggin', and then he came to chalk, but he kept on diggin', and he struck all kinds of things, and all of a sudden the spade kind of slipped, and what do you think? He came out right in his mother's garden! Yes, sir! He had dug right through the world and he came out right by his mother's geraniums! And his kite had gone so fast, and he had dug so fast, that his folks never missed him at all, and purty soon his mother come to the door and said, "Well, my goodness, is that all you've done?"

Yes, sir! That is the truth, 'cause Johnny Graham knew the feller.

Johnny says that that wasn't anything to the

things that happened to that feller. Why, once one time he went down to the railroad where they was a-blastin', and he sat down on a keg, and he didn't know it was dynamite, and it went off, and Johnny said this feller said that the next thing he knew he was down in an Indian camp and the Indians was a-doin' their war dance and a-flashin' their tomahawks, and they had this boy's hands and feet tied, and the Indians kept a-circling around him and kept a-comin' closer all the time, a-swingin' their tomahawks, and that purty soon the old chief come up and cut off a part of this feller's scalp, and then the next man cut off part, and Johnny said this feller said the blood was runnin' down awful, but he didn't mind that so much but it kept gettin' in his eyes. But he didn't holler, for he didn't want the Indians to know that it hurt him. And the blood trickled down and—

What are you hollerin' about, Maymie? Gee whiz! You make me sick. If I'm goin' to tell this story you got to keep still.

Huh? Of course, it's true. Well, after a while the Indians saw how brave he was, and so the big chief made 'em quit, and called his most beautiful daughter, and she fell in love with him, and bound up his wounds and put some Indian salve on 'em, and put some Indian hair tonic on top of that. And do you know, the next morning when she took them bandages off, his head was all healed and his hair all grown out!

Yes, sir! That's the truth! Only before he was scalped his hair was sort of reddish, and after that

it was coal black and straight as an Indian's, he told Johnny. Johnny said he saw this feller's hair after he was scalped, and it was all healed and didn't show, and Johnny said his hair was not red, but black, so he knew it was so.

This feller wanted to go home, so the Indian girl got him the swiftest pony and he started. Of course it was miles away and he had to go through the mountains and the woods. He would have starved if he hadn't a happened to have his B-B gun along, and he shot things—and et 'em.

Why, Maymie, he did, too! Well, you eat chicken, don't you? *Well!*

And—and one night his horse ran off, and he went to chase him, and he ran into a lake, and it was dark and he couldn't see, and he had to swim five hours before he struck land. He crawled up on a bank, and was a-layin' there a-restin' when he saw two stars—winkin' at him. And purty soon he looked, and they was gettin' closer—and closer—and—it was a *bear!* And its eyes was a-shinin' and it had its mouth open, and—

Oh, shut up! 'Fraidy-cat, 'fraidy-cat! You are, too! Now, you keep still! And so the bear and the big eyes kept gettin' closer—and closer—and finally the old bear reached out its head to bite the boy's arm off, and just then the boy doubled up his arm, and his muscles was so hard they broke that old bear's teeth and busted his jaw! So the feller just tossed the bear to one side, and started a-walkin', and purty soon he caught a freight and bummed his way home.

Johnny Graham says it's so, 'cause he saw the

marks of the old bear's teeth on the boy's arm. Yes, sir! Johnny said the boy told his mother he got the marks when he fell out of the barn loft, 'cause he didn't want to worry her. Johnny Graham says this feller was careful not to tell his mother things like that to worry her, but Johnny says he knows the feller, and he knows it is true. W'y, one time—

What, mamma? Yes'm. We're both asleep—purt' near!

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "JOHN TELLS A BEDTIME STORY."

John is at that particular age when he can make himself believe anything. No story is too big for his imagination. He has not been exposed to the practical side and the realities of life, so his imagination is his world. It would be impossible for Johnny Graham to tell a story too big for John to believe, and perhaps enlarge upon in his re-telling of it.

In working out your pantomimes, remember he is a real boy, although a small one. Boylike, his thumb is used for many descriptions.

At one time, when he is telling about the bear, he has enough of the masculine nature to wish to frighten his sister just a little, and in trying to do so he grows so earnest that he becomes a trifle apprehensive himself.

While telling his story he knows that if his mother hears him he will have to stop, so tries to be fairly quiet, but as his enthusiasm grows he speaks louder and louder.

AUNT POLLY HAS CALLERS.

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SCENE: *The screened-in porch of Aunt Polly's rural home.*

OCCUPANTS: AUNT POLLY *and her two callers.* AUNT POLLY *speaks*:

Yes, I'm piecin' another quilt. My, I wish I had a dollar for every quilt I've pieced—not but that I enjoy doin' them, but I could use the money.

(*She sews on her quilt as she talks. In this pantomime, remember to sew around a small piece of goods, and then get another piece.*)

No, we ain't had no crop failure, and we still have a little money in the bank after payin' our income tax, and I guess that's more than a lot of city folks can say. My niece in the city made some money by writin' some foolishness, and she spent it all and had to borrow to pay her income tax. It's a fact. City folks are so shiftless, in some ways.

Yesterday some city folks was a-drivin' along, and they stopped and asked me what I'd take for a couple of fries out in the road. I said — cents a pound. (*Make it higher than the current market price.*) I couldn't look them in the eye when I said it. Of course I expected to come down, but they took 'em! I've been feeling like a robber ever since, until this morning I heard Mary Miller tell

Rachael Sparks over the phone that she sold some for — cents. (*Make it five cents more.*)

Since when did I get to be a penny-pincher, you say? Since my son John got home from France. And I'll say right now that if I ever furnish another son to Uncle Sam, he's a-goin' into the infantry, or else be a mule driver! Why? Why, because then things wouldn't seem so slow around here, and he'd have a little respect for our flivver. But *aviation!*

We're gettin' to be regular misers, and no mistake. What are we savin' for? Why, to buy an airship, of course. John junior hasn't had a breath of air fine enough for him since he came home. You wouldn't humor him? Well, I dunno that it *is* all for him. I'd like to try a-ridin' in one of them, myself. I did try to get a ride at the State Fair, but there were too many people in line ahead of me. Of course, it would take a pretty strong one to heft me—but it could be done. And if an airship will keep him on the farm, he's goin' to stay, that's all. Besides, he could ride over to see his girl evenings, and take her to the movies, and I could get my eggs to town, daytimes.

Besides, I feel kind of funny about it. You see, when he was a-flyin' in France—and I was a-cryin' at home—I said, solemnly and sacredly, that if I could only have him home again, a-milkin' old Red, I'd be willin' to give up everything I had in the world. Well, he's home, safe and sound—and I don't 'pear to be overly anxious to give up what I've got, at that—but I *am* willing to give up

what I *ain't* got yet, so we're savin', and we'll soon have one. They'll be as common as flivvers anyway, pretty soon.

(*She stops sewing, and looks down the road.*)

Well, who is that in that buggy? Ruth Baxter, and dressed fit to kill! (*Watches her pass.*) Where does she get the money to dress on, you say? Oh, starvin' herself—and drivin' a horse instead of a auto. It's the blessed truth that they don't have any more to eat than city folks.

Yes, she allus looks nice, but—well, I'm too egotistical to dress that well. Yes, Lucindy, I said egotistical. I believe in a reasonable amount of good clothes, but when folks look at me I want them to see something bigger than clothes. (*Laughs heartily.*) And I guess they will, as long as I tip the scales at a hundred and ninety-three. (*She hunts for more cloth.*)

What I mean is that when folks look at me I want them to think something beside "What beautiful clothes!" or "Where does she get the money?" —or any of the things folks think when a person is *too* well dressed. What do I want them to say? Oh, I dunno, exactly. But if I was a girl I'd rather folks would say, "Hasn't she the sweetest expression!" or—or—oh, just anything that was about *me,* and not about something anybody can buy. I like to wear good clothes as well as anybody, and my new silk is simply grand, but at that I think that clothes were made to cover the body, and not the body just to drape a few clothes on. Some folks are as over-dressed as a beaded

georgette on a scare-crow. I'd rather folks would say what a nice big sensible *foot* I have—that's a part of me, anyway. You see, Lucindy, I'm egotistical, all right.

They're a-coming right along with the paved roads, aren't they? And it's a fine thing for the country. Jeff Hardin is against them, you say? Well, why shouldn't he be? Jeff made more money pullin' autos out of that old mud-hole by his place, the last few years, than he did out of his hundred and sixty.

Have you noticed this quilt pattern, Ruth? (*Shows it to her.*) It's pretty, ain't it? It is called "Old Maid's Puzzle." Is that the reason I showed it to you? Pshaw! You ain't an old maid. You're too fat and good-natured looking. That pink was give to me by Lucy Myers. No, Lucindy, I can't say that I like her. But then I can't say that I don't like her, either. She isn't my kind, that's all. She was one of the women who didn't want to vote. That part is all right. But she didn't want any other woman doin' it either. Narrow minded? Well, mebbe—or jest plain selfish. Now, I don't like to ride on the merry-go-round, n'r dance, n'r play golf, n'r go to singin' school. But I ain't got any objections to lettin' you do them things if you want to. Also, and likewise, I prefer the Methodist Church, but it's all right with me f'r you to be a Baptist. So I didn't mind her not wantin' to vote, but I did mind her not wantin' me to, *when I wanted to.*

Do I think that women'll be as anxious to vote when the novelty wears off? (*Laughs.*) Oh, I

don't know. But I won't be any different from my men folks if I don't show up at the polls every time. Still, I always have such a good time. Last time Hattie Sparks gave me the best recipe for tomato soup I ever had, and I gave her my one-egg chocolate cake recipe. Yes, we think it's fine. And remember, I'm savin' eggs for an airship.

Mary Miller was there, too, and she showed me her pattern for her crocheted bed spread that she got the first prize on at the State Fair. She sold that spread for fifty dollars, and the premiums more than paid for the material. She made it evenings between the time that Dave got out his mail-order catalogue and when he snored his first snore. She gets a lot done that way. May Shipley was there, and had the twins, too. They are the cutest things. There, that block is done. (*She puts down her work, putting away needle, thread, etc.*)

Now, I've got some lemonade in the refrigerator. Yes, our ice is keepin' right well. We had some left over from last year, too, and I was afraid it wouldn't be so cold as the other, but I can't see much difference.

Well, I'll go get the lemonade, and bring some of my one-egg cake, and if you like it I'll give you the recipe. Excuse me just a minute. Lucindy, you might put a record on, if you want to. We've got a new one called, "Gliding Around Among the Stars," or "When My Airplane Does a Tail Spin, Then I'll Come Home To You." Yes, that's it. I'll be back in just a minute.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "AUNT POLLY HAS CALLERS."

Happy, cheerful, cordial Aunt Polly! She is very courteous to her guests.

Aunt Polly is piecing a quilt. Remember that a person does not piece a quilt with the same movements with which one would hem a tablecloth. Change pieces, and be careful to sew around each piece.

Thread your needle occasionally, and knot the thread. Push glasses up on top of head once in a while, and polish them once or twice during the monologue.

Do not sew all the time, but talk unconcernedly while you do sew.

Aunt Polly has a pretty good opinion of herself, yet makes fun of herself, too. When Aunt Polly goes after the refreshments get up like a "fat" woman. Don't forget that all her movements are those of a woman weighing one hundred and ninety-three.

JUST MARY LOUISE.

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SCENE: *The living room of the Bates home.*

OCCUPANT: MARY LOUISE. *The door-bell rings, and* MARY LOUISE *opens the door and speaks:*

Oh, how do you do? Come in. You are Mrs. Willoughby, aren't you? Have a chair, Mrs. Willoughby. Take this one. It's brand, spankin' new and ought to sit better, don't you think?

No, mamma isn't home just now, but she'll soon be back. She just went over to Mrs. Eaton's to return some eggs she had borrowed. Warm today, isn't it? Do you want a fan? (*She gets two fans, hands one to her guest and keeps one herself. She fans while she talks.*)

You know, mamma has been saving eggs to take back to Mrs. Eaton for a long time, and today she had them. You see, we borrowed four from her, and three of them were bad—*too* bad to use *at all.* And the other should have been. (*Wrinkles nose in disgust.*) But we just *had* to have one, so we used it. And mamma just made up her mind that she wasn't going to take back good eggs in their place, for she knew Mrs. Eaton just gave them to her to get rid of them.

You have a hard time getting ahead of my mamma. (*Proudly.*) She is a clipper, dad says. She got even with Mrs. Eaton on the vinegar deal,

too. You see, Mrs. Eaton makes her own vinegar. I don't know whether she uses vinegar bees or not, but anyway, her vinegar is absolutely no good. So, about every other week when she wanted to make some salad dressing she would send over and get a cupful of ours, and say that she was out, but would get some tomorrow, sure. Then the next day she would send back a cupful of her old home-made stuff. Well, mamma got tired of trading good vinegar for poor. Mamma always uses salad vinegar. It is a little more expensive, but it is worth the difference, we think. So, the next time Mrs. Eaton sent back some of her old stuff, mamma just put it in a bottle and saved it, and then when Mrs. Eaton sent over for vinegar she gave her back *her own!* It worked, all right. (*Laughs.*) Not the vinegar, but the scheme! She hasn't borrowed any since.

How do you like living here? Yes, I suppose it does seem pretty quiet, after the city. But you won't notice it after you've been here a while. I don't. Of course, I have never been to the city. That might make some difference.

Mamma will be so glad you came today. She was hoping you would, for she had the house all cleaned up and a new gingham dress on. She was about scared to death that you would come yesterday. She said it would be just her luck. You see, after she called on you, she has been fixing things up ever since. She wired to Chicago for that chair you are sitting in. The one we had there was a *fright!* Then she papered this room, and

made those new drapes. My, but she has been busy!

I am surely glad it is over, for we haven't had a decent thing to eat since she started. She told dad she wanted you to see that we are up-to-date, even if we do live in this little town. She made so much fuss that dad said he would like to see you—that you must be a wonder to take so much trouble for. He wanted to know if you were good-looking. Mamma just laughed and said that if a pug-nosed, sallow-complected woman was good looking, you certainly were!

She said she couldn't be sure what you really looked like, for you always had on so much red paint that she just couldn't *see* anything else. Dad said that that was the style in the city, and mamma said that some women were slaves to fashion, and that she, for one, was glad she had more sense. Then dad said that he didn't know but that it was good sense to look as well as you could—and mamma got sore! They didn't say any more.

But today before she started out I saw her take some of the wall-paper that has some of the pink splotch in it—like that, see? (*Points.*) And she wet it and rubbed it on her cheeks. She didn't know I was watching, or I'd a been spanked. Don't tell her. She always says I tell all I know, but I don't. I know some things right now that I've done that I've never told her about.

Would you like to look at some pictures? (*She gets the album.*) This is supposed to be just for snapshots, but we keep some regular ones in here,

too. I like snapshots best, but mamma doesn't. She says they always wait until she looks the very worst, and then snap it. (*She leans over guest's chair, points and talks.*)

That's me when I was a baby! (*Laughs and giggles.*) Wasn't I an *ugly* one, though? Mamma says that she doesn't care, for she says that ugly babies make the best-looking grown-ups, and that pretty babies make the ugly grown-ups. Well, when I look at that picture I feel sure that I'll be a famous beauty some day!

That's mamma's sister. She lives on a farm, and is a fine cook! She's not a bit stylish, though.

That's us on a picnic—and don't we look it? See how mamma's dress sags! She wanted to tear this picture out, but Bill had it pasted in and she couldn't. Bill is supposed to be the worst boy in town. People just say, "Oh—Bill Bates!" as if *that* explained everything.

What has he done that's so bad? Why, nothing, special. Bill is always trying to help somebody out of trouble, and getting in bad.

Now, yesterday afternoon Mrs. Jackson's hens got over into Mrs. Goldman's garden. You know Mrs. Goldman weighs over two hundred, and it's harder on the garden for her to try to get the chickens out than it is for the chickens to stay in. Here is her picture. (*She turns, possibly two pages, then points.*) Isn't she a sight?

Well, Bill was out in our back yard trying to make one of those radio thing-um-bobs, and Mrs. Goldman called him over, and he went. She told him what she wanted, and he picked up a clod, and

just as he threw, his foot slipped and—crash!—that clod went right through Mrs. Jackson's dining-room window!

Well, Mrs. Jackson came a-running, and Bill started to dodge around the corner of the house, and caught his pants on the gutter—or whatever it is the rainwater comes down through. And *such a hole!* His best pants, too. He was dressed for the church picnic. He got behind Mrs. Goldman. She's like this you know. (*Pantomimes large woman.*) So, you see, Mrs. Jackson couldn't see him. She began giving Mrs. Goldman "Hail Columbia, Happy Land!" And then Mrs. Goldman said, "I didn't break your old window, nor I didn't see it done." She didn't, either, for she was looking at the garden and the old rooster. "But," she said, "If I had, I don't know but that my clods have as much right on your dining-room table as your chickens have in my garden!"

She wanted to go in the house then, but she couldn't, on account of Bill, so they had it hot and heavy. Finally, though, Mrs. Jackson did go in, so Mrs. Goldman took Bill in her house and gave him a cookie and a doughnut, and laid him across her lap and *mended* him! Bill says she's a fine cook and a good mender, but she doesn't have much *lap!*

Bill came home and put on his second-best pair of pants, for mamma had just finished this house-cleaning, and she was too tired to be let see the mend in his best pair. My, she just snapped us off about everything. And we didn't take a thing to eat to the church picnic, hardly. You see, mamma

thought everybody would put their things together, and nobody would know that we hadn't brought much. But they didn't do it that way. Everybody ate from their own baskets, except the Steeles. Mrs. Steele is the very best cook in the church, and they always take a lot—to show off, mamma says.

Well, Deacon Steele set his two big baskets down while he hunted around for a good place to eat. He should have had more sense, but he didn't. Then that 'fraidy-cat Jenkins boy got to throwing his cap up and catching it when it came down, and once it caught on a hickory limb, and then he started squalling.

Now, everybody knows that Bill can climb anything, so they sent him up after it. He was crawling out on a limb after it and he went to reach out when—swish!—down came cap, Bill and all! He landed right on top of one of Deacon Steele's baskets, and knocked the other one into the creek. The one he landed on had an eleven-egg angel-food cake on the bottom and a lemon meringue pie on top. When they got him off he was a sight—and the cap, too. The basket that went into the water had fried chicken in it.

Bill was pretty badly bruised, but he said he didn't mind that so much, but he knew he'd get the blame for the whole thing. He did, too. Deacon Steele just gave it to him, and while he was scolding Bill mamma said, "For the land sakes, now the Steele's will expect me to ask them to eat with us, and we haven't enough for ourselves." She didn't

know what to do for a minute, but she's a quick one. (*Turns pages of book.*)

Here is Deacon Steele's picture. Look at his mouth—like a steel trap. (*Giggles.*) Bill calls it "Steele's trap!" Look at his mouth, and then imagine what he said to Bill! He said it, all-righty.

Well, mamma thought a minute, and then she went over and asked the Steeles to eat with us. She said that we had hurried off without our basket of fried chicken and devil's-food cake, and that she was just waiting for Bill to get out of the tree to send him home after it. Then she took Bill to one side and told him to go home and *stay* there. Of course we knew, and so did Bill, that there wasn't any basket at home with cake and fried chicken in it, but nobody would ever expect Bill to get back with it, even if we did have.

Well, we waited and waited and waited, and after a while some of the folks asked us to eat with them, so we all had a fine supper—all excepting Bill. But that's just the way it goes. Bill hadn't done a thing all afternoon except cause a neighborhood row, get two women off of speaking terms, tear his best pants, spoil his second best and Tommy Jenkins' cap, and get the blame for eating cake and fried chicken that never was! But then all days are alike for Bill.

Mamma has just two worries—Bill and her club. She wants you to join her club instead of the one Mrs. Graham is in. That's the reason we are all to be nice to you. They have to have another member, and she said that while she didn't care so

much for you, still you couldn't be as bad as Sadie McGuire, and she is the one they'll have to ask if you don't join. She's going to ask you the first time she sees you.

There she comes! (*Calls.*) Mamma, mamma, Mrs. Willoughby is here! I told her you were hoping she would come while the house was clean. There goes Lucile. Oo-hoo-hoo! Lucile! Oh, Lucile! Wait a minute!

(*Goes out, skipping.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION
OF
"JUST MARY LOUISE."

Mary Louise is a normal, cheery, talkative little person. She opens the door and is very cordial to the guest. When she asks her to be seated she offers her the very best chair. Make a gesture here, indicating its softness.

Mary Louise may or may not be seated part of the time, according to the wish of the reader. Remember where Mrs. Willoughby is seated, and keep her in that place! Watch this very carefully.

When Mary Louise gets the album, she gives it to Mrs. Willoughby, and then looks over her guest's shoulder, turning the pages of the book occasionally.

Mary Louise is greatly amused at all the pictures, and most especially at her own. She has lots of fun out of it and giggles and laughs a great deal. A great number of ideas for pantomime will suggest themselves to the impersonator.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN OUR SCHOOL.

SCENE: *A school room.*

OCCUPANTS: MISS PARSONS, *the teacher; the pupils, including especially* JOHNNY GRAHAM, WILLIAM—*alias* "TURKEY"—TAYLOR, *and* NOLAN —*or* "NUT"—BROWN; *and these pupils' mothers.*

These ladies, unfortunately for the peace of mind of all concerned, have chosen Friday afternoon as the time for their visit. This is public speaking day.

MISS PARSONS, *being a school-teacher, is ever hopeful for the best, although she seldom receives it. It is with some misgivings that she proceeds with the planned program.*

MISS PARSONS *speaks*:

"Children, I am sure that we are all very glad to welcome the mothers of our three dear little boys, Johnny, William, and Nolan, this afternoon. Isn't it fortunate that we are to have such a splendid and interesting program? I must explain to our visitors that we are to have an original program. It is understood that no one has received any help with his or her selection. There will be no criticism of the work until Monday. May we not begin by listening to Georgie? Come, Georgie."

Georgie arises and starts to speak.

"Come forward, please, Georgie."

Georgie goes forward, and by such action equals the courage of an older brother on the field of battle. He has said to himself that he will "do or die," but he would prefer to die.

(*Bows, licks lips, starts to speak, stops, then pulls a paper from his pocket, and reads in a slow monotone.*)

"The World.

"The world is where we live at when we are not at home. We live at homes, too, and while they are in the world, they are not it. A raisin may be in a pie, but a raisin is not a pie. That explains how the world is, and our homes. (*Swallows hard.*) Homes is funny places. I don't mean they make you laugh, but what I mean is that when you are there you wish you was at Turkey Taylor's or just any place. Once I went away from home for a week. I wanted to go home all the time I wasn't there, but when I got back it looked just the same, so I got some cookies and went over to Johnny Graham's right away. Everybody is supposed to have a home, as people have to have a place to fuss where other people can't hear them. This is called Home Life. It all goes to make up a world. This is all I know about worlds."

(*He bows, drops his paper, picks it up, and goes to his seat.*)

Miss Parsons again comes to the front.

"I am sure that the mothers of our three dear

little boys will like to hear them. First we will hear William, then when he has finished Nolan will come up, and later Johnny will entertain us. Very well, William."

William, willing and anxious, comes forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I have wrote an oration which I will give, as I expect to be a great orator when I am in Congress. My oration is about Politics."

(*He bows, and grows very oratorical as he gives the following*:)

"La-dees and Gentlemen. Ahem! Politics is a wonderful thing. It is like elec-tric-ity. (*Here his voice changes from low to high. He hunts his handkerchief, searching in different pockets as he talks, and occasionally he runs his fingers through his hair and tosses it back after the manner of our "best" public speakers.*) Ladies and gentlemen, politics is like electricity for this reason. (*He finds his handkerchief and mops his brow with a wonderful gesture. Pantomime, of course.*)

"For this reason, ladies and gentlemen, which none of you can deny—nor would you try, for, oh, my friends! (*Grows more and more oratorical.*) Let us tell the truth of this matter,—or, for that matter, of any matter. For, as that great orator said so nobly, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' Meaning, my friends (*voice breaks*) that anyone can tell a lie and get away with it, but if you told the truth nobody would believe you anyway, for they would think you was lyin'. Truth is a very peculiar thing, ladies and gentlemen, and

is used for different things. One of the most common uses of truth is to stretch it. Our parents do this when they have company. This is all right, my friends, because it is customary.

"There is more kind of lies, ladies and gentlemen, than there are of truth. (*Clears throat, tosses back hair, etc.*) In case this is not clear, I will explain. There are three kinds of lies—black, white and barefaced. White lies are the kind you tell yourself, and black lies are the ones the other fellers tell, and barefaced is when they tell it on you. Both truth and lies are used a great deal in politics.

"There is the truth and the naked truth. The naked truth is only used among friends, to tell each other they are crazy, or something. It is never used in politics, my friends, as the same things is then called 'mud-slinging,' and not the truth, thus proving our lesson in English which said a rose called something else would still smell. I hope my point is clear.

"The moral of it is, my friends, tell the truth! I remember in our history lesson an Irishman named Patrick something-or-other said, 'I would rather be right than President.' And he got his rather. That is *success*, my friends—getting what you go after. And speaking of the Irish, have you ever heard one of them say he would rather be right than a policeman? No, my friends, they are policemen, every time! This brings out the point I spoke of a while ago.

"In closing, my friends, let me give you a thought to remember. Let me repeat, politics is

like electricity, for this reason: You can't see it work, but it does the business every time! Oh, what a wonderful example to follow! You can't see it work, but oh, the marvels done in the name of electricity! This concludes my remarks on politics."

He bows and starts to his seat, but falls over the foot of Pug Riley—a foot purposely placed in front of him with this purpose in view. Thus are the Irish vindicated.

When the shouting and the turmoil dies, Nolan, pale and panting, rushes to the platform. His one idea is to get it over with. (*Bows.*)

"I have wrote a song. I'll sing it."

(*Sings in a piping voice, to the tune of "Dixie," and getting off the key occasionally.*)

"Oh I wisht I was a lit-tull fly,
I'd fly around until I'd die
Of old age, or too much eats, or whatever it is flies die of.
I'd never fly near a person with a swatter
Because I'd know I hadn't oughter
Run the risk, and scare my mother, and make her uneasy.
I'd fly right over the sticky paper,
Buzzin' round, buzzin' round!
I'd fly right over the sticky paper
And light right on a ripe bananer,
Buzzin' round, buzzin' round,
Just like an aviator.
Some flies don't know what they want to do
And I see one now that is a fool

'Cause he came, when he didn't have to,
Right straight into schoo-ool."

(*Bows and takes his seat.*)

Johnny Graham, usually irrepressible, is silenced for once in his life. He reaches the platform by some miracle—how, he does not know, for his legs seem temporarily paralyzed. He begins hurriedly.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears—no, that ain't it. (*Stands first on one foot, then the other. Runs hand around the top of collar.*)

"The boy stood on the burning duke—I mean dyke—I mean dock—I mean—I mean—I guess I didn't write that, either. (*Looks at feet, scratches head.*) I guess I forgot. I had it all learned, but I guess I forgot, because I can't think of it. What, Miss Parsons? Did I write it myself? Yes'm. Well, I almost did. I was goin' to write it last night, and I had to do my homework. Besides, I spoke last Friday, and I didn't think you'd call on me today. Yes'm, I'll have it next Friday, sure!"

And knowing that his mother had seen and heard him that afternoon, I'm positive it is safe to say that Johnny "had it next Friday, sure!"

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION
OF
"FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN OUR SCHOOL"

There are four boys to impersonate in this selection—four distinct types. Georgie and Johnny are both frightened, and you must be careful to

distinguish between them. Georgie reads his carefully prepared selection in a slow monotone, without regard for the meaning. He passes over punctuation marks carelessly. He is conscientious, wishing to do well. The first contrast is when William begins. William is overly confident. He uses all the tricks of the trade, so to speak, and copies the manners of "orators," making them his own, small boy fashion.

Nolan sings. Do not rush this too much. Get the swing of "Dixie," and be sure to get off the key occasionally.

Johnny tries bluffing, but is forced to admit defeat. Do not hurry this, as Johnny is actually trying to recall something which he might pass off as his own.

Since the selection is made up of a group of four short monologues, the "stage-setting" should be given in introducing the reading. The bits of description between the impersonations are necessary also. The instructions in italics are, of course, for the guidance of the performer only, and are not part of the reading.

WHEN EDNA TELEPHONES.

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(*In the following monologue give local streets and exchanges. Pantomime all the business or directions given.*)

SCENE: *The livingroom.*

OCCUPANT: EDNA.

EDNA *speaks*:

Oh, dear me! I must call Gladys, right now. (*She goes to the telephone, sits down and takes down receiver; waits; jiggles hook; fixes hair; sings a little; jiggles hook; hums; jiggles hook; whistles; then jumps as if startled.*)

What? Oh my goodness, central! Well, I've forgotten the number, you were so long answering. Mercy, I'll have to look it up. I did know it, but I've thought of so many things since then that I've forgotten it. Just hold the line a minute. It won't take but a jiffy. What? (*Hangs up receiver.*) Well, of all the nerve! She seems to be in a regular rush, all of a sudden. (*She takes down telephone book, and begins turning the pages, looking for the number.*)

Brown—Brown—well, my land, will you look at all the Browns! Oh, dear! I don't know what Gladys's father's name is, anyhow. Life is too short for this. I'll ask information. (*She puts*

the book down, and takes down the receiver and waits.)

Central, give me information, please. For goodness sake, why doesn't she answer? I suppose somebody is asking for all the information in the encyclopedia. Some people have nerve enough to ask anything. Well, of all things! Some service. Hello; hello! Well, *good-night*, then. (*She hangs up receiver, takes a hair pin and fluffs hair, and then polishes nails on palm of hand. Then she takes down the receiver again.*)

Central, *please* give me information. My time is too important to sit here all afternoon while she finishes her nap. (*She waits. Then jiggles hook, finally hangs up the receiver. Gets directory again.*)

I don't know what to do about all these Browns. I guess I'll start with the top one and go down the line. (*Takes down the receiver.*) Walnut 1526, please. Hello? Is this Brown's? Is Gladys there? Well, you needn't be so cross about it. I can't help it because you don't know any Gladys. That's your misfortune, not my fault. Goodbye. (*Hangs up the receiver.*) Mercy, what a temper that old man has. Well, I won't bother with the book. (*Takes down receiver.*)

Central, please give me the chief operator; well, the supervisor, then. But I want the head one, because this is very important. Which one? Why, I don't know their names. Do I want the Walnut supervisor, or the Drake? Oh, mercy, give me the nearest one. Don't send 'way out there for one.

I'm in a hurry, and this is important. Give me one with a little pep. Hello, is this the supervisor? Well, I have been trying to get information all day. Do you have any information today? She must be reading a novel then, for I've tried and tried to get her. Will you please get her for me?

Hello, is this information? Well, what is Gladys's phone number? Gladys Brown; Gladys —G-L-A-D-Y-S—yes, that's it. What? You can't find her listed. Why, of course you can't find it listed in her name. It's in her father's name. I don't know for sure what her father's name is; but I imagine it is John—or William—or some of those names. He's middle-aged, and quite nice-looking. You can't give information unless people know the name? Well, you certainly took your time about answering me. If it hadn't been very important I should have given up hours ago. I want to know her number, please, and no impertinence from you.

What is her house number? Mercy, I don't know. But she lives out near Kingman—or Polk, I forget which it is—and she has brown curly hair, if that will help you any, and she's sixteen years old. I tell you what you do. You give me several numbers and I'll call them, and then if they get mad at me I'll just tell them you gave me the number, and if any of them is right I'll call you and then you'll know the next time. I know they have a 'phone, for Gladys gave me the number last night, but I've forgotten it. I did know it when I started in to call, but I waited so long for cen-

tral to answer that when she did answer, I'd—well, she just scared it out of me, that's all.

Say, maybe this will help, information. She lives on one of those little short streets. Oh, it's a nice enough street, I don't mean that. But just short—not many houses on it, you know. They're as close together as most houses, but there aren't many houses on it because it is such a short street, you see. You know what I mean. If you would just tell me the names of a few short streets, I would recognize it, all right. You haven't time? Well, I don't suppose that your time is any more valuable than mine, and I've wasted a perfectly good afternoon trying to get you, and I certainly would like a little information. I suppose you waited until you had finished the last chapter. Hello. *Hello!* (*Hangs up receiver.*)

Now, what do you think of that! Hanging up right in my *face!* Seems to me they ought to fire a girl who wastes people's time like that. She didn't tell me a thing I wanted to know.

Well, I've just got to get Gladys. I knew her number as well as my own name when I started to call, but after I'd waited on Central for a couple of hours, and planned how to make over my black hat, and the decorations for a party, if I ever have one, and a few other things like that while I was waiting, I naturally forgot it. Maybe Josie will remember. I'll call her. (*Takes down the receiver.*)

Walnut 6675, please. Hello, is this Josie? Well, is she there? May I speak to her, please? She's busy? Well, tell her this is important. Hello,

Josie? This is Edna talking. Say, what is Gladys Brown's telephone number? You don't know? Well, you needn't be so cross about it! What do you do when you want to call her up? Look in the book? But it takes so long to call up all those Browns. Do you suppose Lulu would know? What are you doing, anyway? Your mother said you were busy. Making a cake? Well, I'm certainly glad that I'm not going to have company. Dear me, I do wish I could get Gladys. It's important, or I wouldn't go to all this trouble. Would it be too much bother for you to look it up for me? Why don't I have a little private directory? Why, I do, but it's such a pretty one I hate to mark it up. And anyway, it was given to me, and I'm afraid they might not like to have me spoil it. You've looked up the number, and it is Drake 7209-W? Oh, thank you so much. Do come over sometime, won't you? I'd love to have you. Goodbye. (*Puts up the receiver for a moment, and then takes it down.*)

Hello? Drake 7209-W. Yes. Drake 7209-W. Hello. Brown's? Is Gladys there? She isn't? (*Disappointed.*) Oh, shoot! This is Edna talking. When will she be in? Well, you tell her that I left my best powder-puff in her pocket-book last night, and I have to have it, and I want her to call me just as soon as she gets home, so I can meet her some place and get it. I need it most dreadfully. Goodbye.

(*Hangs up receiver.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "WHEN EDNA TELEPHONES."

This monologue is one of the irresponsible young girl type. It is usually given with the reader seated most of the time, but this is not necessary.

The pantomimes are indicated in the monologue. As an added suggestion, you might have her take the receiver in her right hand near the close of the monologue, and shake the other arm, as if very tired.

Fix hair occasionally, and mark with pencil, and do all the other little things a girl does during a telephone conversation.

Sing a little song while hunting the number in the book. Edna is a rather good natured sort of a girl, but, like the rest of us, occasionally loses her temper a little when 'phoning.

JOHNNY DOES HIS HOME WORK.

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SCENE: *The living room of the Graham home.*

OCCUPANT: MRS. GRAHAM.

ENTER: JOHNNY, *without enthusiasm, but with a great deal of unnecessary noise. He throws his cap upon the library table, and speaks:*

Aw, gee, maw, ain't I a-comin'? Huh? Remember my "g's"? (*Giggles.*) Well, I said "Aw, gee," didn't I? You want me to quit sayin' "Aw, gee," and put my "g's" where they belong? Aw, gee, maw, what's the use of bein' so fussy?

Did I hear you? (*Giggles.*) Sure I heard you. Huh? Say it again and say it right? Say *what* again? Oh, *that?* (*He begins to sing a song and picks up his cap.*)

What? Well, ain't I a-goin' to say it again as soon as I hang up this cap? If I don't hang it up you'll be a-fussin' around in a minute that I don't try to do anything, and all that bunk, and how much work I make you, and all, and now when I want to hang it up, why, you won't let me. (*He throws cap on floor.*)

Pick it up? (*Gets cap.*) Hang it up? (*Pulls at cap while he talks.*) Well, I was a-goin' to hang it up, and you told me to stop. Why, Maw Graham, you did, too. Well, if you didn't tell me to stop, what did you say?

Oh! So you think I could correct a sentence and hang up my cap at the same time? Oh, you think that I don't *want* to correct that sentence, and was a-tryin' to get out of it, do you? Aw, gee, maw, I'd just as lief correct that sentence as not. (*He throws his cap up in the air, and catches it as it falls, while he talks.*)

I don't know why you act like I don't want to correct that sentence. Sure I will. (*He thinks for a minute, and scratches his head.*) Aw, gee, maw, what was we a-talkin' about? I don't know. Well, I would correct it if I knew what we was a-talkin' about, but you kept me here a-standin' a-talkin' to me, and I been a-payin' so much attention to what you been a-sayin' that I don't know what you said.

(*He gives his cap an extra high toss, tries to catch it, knocks a vase over and breaks it.*)

Aw, gee, maw, I cracked that vase a little! Broke it all to pieces? Well, that's what I said, wasn't it? Now, you needn't scold me, 'cause you know it is all your own fault. Well, it is. Well, it is, *too!* If you'd a let me hang up my cap when I wanted to, the old vase wouldn't be broken, and—What? You'll tell dad when he comes? Gee whiz! It's bad enough to have to stay in and study, without havin' you tell dad every little thing. You haven't noticed me a-studyin'? Well, I'm a-goin' to, ain't I? You know it? You got my report card? Oh! (*Shuffles and looks at feet.*)

Deportment *very poor*, you say? So you'd like

to know what I have been doin' in school? Nothin', and that's the truth. That's what my report card shows? Aw, gee! (*He rubs the toe of one shoe over the other one.*)

I only got sixty per cent in jography, you say? Why, maw, I think that's fine—'cause, why, gee, I don't hardly ever look at my jography! It's such a big book it's hard to study. Then when you set it up on your desk—like this, see? (*Shows her.*) Why, most always Turkey Taylor and Nut Brown —they sit on both sides of me—why, they is most always a-actin' up. Yesterday they was a-playin' circus, and I watched 'em. No'm, I didn't do nothin'—jest watched 'em. First, we was elephunts.

Say, maw, do you know how to look like a elephunt? Gee, it ought to be easy for you! Well, first you put your arm up to your face and wave it around like a trunk, like this, see? (*He pantomimes.*)

Now, that's a elephunt, maw, and the other kids is supposed to throw you a peanut, er somethin', and you pick it up with your trunk and eat it. Of course a elephunt don't have no hands, so he has to eat it, shell and all. Turkey Taylor he's always a-hurrin' up and a-bein' the elephunt, so he'll get the most peanuts. So yesterday I give him a bad one and he had to eat it—and *swaller* it! It was a awful bad one. I'd saved it a-purpose fer Turkey. He wanted to get a drink, but Miss Parsons wouldn't let him. Me and Nut nearly died a-laughin' at him. (*Giggles.*) Honestly, you ought to have saw his face. Huh?

"Seen?" O-oh! *Huh?* Say it again and say it right? Sure. When we seen his face we nearly died a-laughin'? Huh? "Saw?" Well, you just said "*seen.*" Oh, all r-i-g-h-t!

Then we was monkeys. Gee, maw, I kin be a monkey as easy as anything. Want me to show you how? You don't? You've see it too many times, you say? Aw, gee! You're goin' to the dining room and leave me to study? Oh. Yes'm. (*He calls to her in a louder tone of voice.*)

Maw—say, maw, *maw!* Where's my pencil? Well, I *can't* study until I find my pencil. Look on the library table? (*He goes to the table, picks up a newspaper and starts to read.*)

Gee whiz! Listen, maw. What do you think of this? ——— fanned today. (*Use any popular baseball player's name.*) *Fanned!* Can you beat it? Huh? Put down the paper or you'll give me a fannin'? Yes'm. (*Puts down paper and jigs a little.*)

Listen, maw. I wrote a piece today—purt' near. I'm a-goin' to finish it and read it tomorrow. Well, I don't suppose I'll read it, but I'll hand it in. It's called the "Blessings of Peace." We all got to write a piece about peace, and the best gets read. No'm, I ain't never had any of my pieces read yet. Miss Parsons never thinks it is the best, but I do, and I know more about a lot of things than she does. All she knows is not to say "ain't," and all that bunk. She don't even know how to make a nigger shooter. Can you hear me all right? (*Giggles.*) You say you haven't heard anything but me for half an hour?

(*Pantomimes looking through all his pockets, and finally locates the paper. Reads.*)

" 'The Blessings of Peace,' by Johnny Graham.

"Blessings are things we all have, but you don't hear much about them, only on Sunday, when you sing 'Showers of Blessings.' I ain't never seen any showers, myself, but them made out of rain—or maybe fishworms. I've heard about it raining black cats, but I never seen it done.

"There is more than one kind of blessing. There is the kind the preacher says before he eats, and the kind your pa gives you in the woodshed. That is all I know about blessings.

"Peace is something else again. It means when the boys come home and brung some helmets and pieces of shrapnel." (*Pantomimes folding paper and putting it in pocket. He makes up the rest as he goes along.*)

I know why they called it peace. (*Finds pencil in one pocket, and takes knife from another, sharpens pencil, scattering pencil shavings on the floor.*)

This is it. When our boys got over to where the fightin' was at—why, before they went, and the boys was *boys*, why, they never wasted any time a-learnin' jography, 'cause they can make a new one whenever they want to. And they never had studied fizzology, 'cause all they needed to know about their bodies was how to do things with them. And the boys learned all this fine science by playin' games, and not by learnin' how somebody dead and gone had done something once. And all they done was to dash into the enemy like

a hundred-yard dash, and pitch hand-grenades like big league stuff, and rush the center, and block their tackle, and spoil their interference, and act like they did at home on the corner lot, and scare the enemy to *pieces*, so they called it "peace."

(*He puts away his knife, and scrapes pencil sharpenings around on the floor with his foot.*)

This proves that it is more useful to play than to study. I know more about pieces. There is a piece of pie—and sometimes there is a second piece. Then there is a piece of your mind. I get this more than the pie. Then there is a piece—(*He stops.*)

What? Am I readin' all that silly stuff? No'm, not exactly. I ain't wrote it all yet, but I'm a-goin' to—besides, it ain't silly. It's what Miss Parsons calls "theological," or somethin'.

You want me to keep still and study? Sure! Say, maw, can I have a piece of cake? Well, can I have an apple, then? Aw, gee, there ain't no *crumbs* on a apple! Shoot! Well, I'm a-goin' to study. Just wait 'til I get a drink.

(*He goes, imitating a bass drummer, trilling and beating hands.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION
OF
"JOHNNY DOES HIS HOME WORK."

This is the same boy as the Johnny in "Johnny Gets Ready for Company." He is a normal boy who prefers play to study.

Practice all pantomimes with the cap until you are perfect. It may be well to actually use a cap until you are sure just how you do the different things. Toss the cap up into the air and catch it several times before breaking the vase.

Sing a little, once in a while, or perhaps whistle. Add little things which come to you as you work these suggestions out.

Give the "composition" in an entirely different tone of voice from the one used in ordinary conversation. It might be well to use a monotone, and rather drag the words out, stopping once in a while as if unable to make out the writing. After Johnny starts making up what he says, speak more naturally again. Make plenty of noise when leaving the stage.

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!

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SCENE: *A photographer's studio.*

OCCUPANT: MR. MILLER, *the long suffering photographer.*

ENTER: BRIDE *and* GROOM. *The* BRIDE *speaks*:

Well, I just can't quite make up our mind—I mean we just can't make up my mind. Well, anyway, dear, what do you think? Of course we could have just ordinary photographs taken and could have a few made up with both on one card, or we could get one of those darling frames for two pictures. But, still—if we did that, the people who didn't have them framed that way would never know we were married!

What? Only give them to friends, and they know it? Well, that's true, they do know it. (*To photographer.*) Oh, Mr. Miller, if you only could see our wedding gifts! Really, simply too beautiful for words! Oh, *some*—(*Shrugs shoulders.*) Of course; but you can always expect that at your weddings, don't you think? You never had but one? (*Laughs.*) Of course; but you know what I mean.

Really, as much trouble as I took that they should all know what I wanted! You know, I'd just sort of casually mention the pattern in silver, or china, or glassware preference. It was a task.

Why, before I made up my mind I went over this town a dozen times. I wanted to be sure, and I thought that as it would probably be a long time before these people gave me another wedding present, they might as well get something worth while. So I just said to different friends that my sister was starting me in my choice silver, and that John's brothers were giving us a certain pattern in china and glass, and that I did *hope* that enough people would give us things of these same patterns to finish out the sets. It really worked beautifully. Although, as I said before, some people—but then, of course, some people are that way.

You know the Misses Smithers—perfect dears, both of them—well, I wish you could have seen what they sent! Books, Mr. Miller, books! Can you imagine? Why, the poor dears don't even know that books have gone out. If it wasn't so tragic, it would be funny—books of poetry, and all that! Why, our interior decorator would simply faint if she should see those books in our living room. Of course, if we were going into a big home with a library, where we could stick them out of sight, it would be different; but in an apartment! *Can* you imagine? It's funny how those old dears are behind the times—*in* the world, but not *of* it, as you might say. Why, they even have photographs in their living room!

Oh, yes, that makes me think. How do *you* think we should have our pictures taken, Mr. Miller? You see, the newspapers *want* it for the Sunday papers. Goodness knows, they certainly

have put in a lot about our wedding. But, of course, for that matter, it isn't every day a young woman as well known as I am, gets married. Isn't that true? Why, look at all the things I've done, —Little Theatre, parties, sorority affairs! Everyone knows me so well that I always send the papers little write-ups about everything I do. They might just as well fill their papers with interesting things instead of all that parent-teacher stuff, and study clubs, and things.

And then John is so well known, too. His team *almost* won the bowling tournament last winter.

So I just made up my mind that I'd have our pictures taken and put them in the Sunday papers. You know they put in Gloria White's last month when she got married, and I certainly am as good-looking as she is.

We want something awfully artistic! Some of those beautiful shadowy, moving-picture-actressy effects, you know. I don't care what it costs, so long as it is classier than Gloria's. So please think up a good way; something *de luxe,* so to speak. As I said, expense is no object. Art is the thing. Besides, we can't pay you, anyway, for at least two months—if we can then. We are starting on our trip tonight, and of course we must put up at the best hotels and all that, so we will simply stay until our money runs out, and come home. You see, we have bought round-trip tickets, and have enough money put away in an envelope to buy our meals on the trip home, and we will simply *live right* while the money lasts.

So much depends on getting a right start, don't you think?

I was wondering how it would be for me to be standing by that gate affair—and John coming home. Or would it be better for me to be standing by that window thing-um-bob there, with my hair all fluffed up and the light shining on it, and I'd be standing there smiling at John while he is coming up the walk, welcoming him home? Wouldn't that be dear? Like this. (*She poses.*) John wouldn't be in it, you say? N-no, that is right. But it would be artistic, don't you think? And, see, Mr. Miller, I could have one hand pulling back the curtain, and could be waving at him with the other—like this. See? (*Poses again.*) Of course, they couldn't see John, but they would know that he was there. Naturally, I wouldn't be smiling and waving at any other man, and me married just five hours!

Now, get ready quick, and take several. Now. (*Poses.*) You have that one? Good. How is this? (*Takes different pose.*) My head higher? Like this? Got it? Fine. Now, how would it be to let my hands fall, and lean against the window as if I had been watching—like this? Got it? Well, now how shall we take the next one? Your next appointment is waiting, and you can't take any more? What a shame! We haven't a thing of John. But then everyone knows just how he looks. It isn't as if he had on a new style dress, or anything, is it? Well, hurry them up, please, and send the best ones to the Sunday papers. Goodbye!

The BRIDE *and* GROOM *go out, and* GLADYS BROWN *enters.* GLADYS *speaks:*

Oh, hello, Mr. Miller! Honestly, I thought I would never get here. Had to stay in. Oh, algebra, of course! If the world should come to an end and everyone else would fall off or fly off, or get knocked off, you could find me over at the High School studying *algebra!* (*Giggles.*) Oh, well, if I can slide through the next two months I tell you right now that algebra passes out of my young life *forever!* (*Speaks dramatically, then giggles.*)

Whee! Pink tickets; oh, ye pink tickets! Oh, didn't you know? Superintendent ———— (*localize*) made a rule that if your work in any certain subject was not quite satisfactory, you received a blue ticket. What? What does that have to do with a pink ticket? Oh, goodness, I was looking at this picture of Maybelle Saylor, and forgot. Well, when your work is *very* unsatisfactory, you get a pink ticket, and you have to stay in at least an hour, and study. Honestly, Mr. Miller, I believe that man has my pink tickets made out by the hundred! Lately my life has consisted of one pink ticket after another.

Say, I am the leading lady in our class play, I'd have you know, and I want some wonderfully keen and snappy pictures. Oh, some of those shadowy pictures like the movie actresses have—one that sort of blurs your features all up so they can't tell what you do look like. Can you do it?

Oh, please, Mr. Photographer, have mercy on this red, red rose—I mean "nose." I had to learn that "red, red rose" thing for English, and my tongue got twisted. You see, since we got the swimming pool at school—why, I don't know why —but I think maybe it is because I have a hole in my bathing cap. But anyway, every time I go in my hair gets wet, and then I am forced against my will and desire to sit and study algebra; and I take cold.

Miss ———— (*localize*) said it was because I rode home in an open car without my coat after playing basket-ball. But honestly, Mr. Miller, I know it wasn't that. I can tell when I caught this cold. It is *my* cold, and *I* caught it. Why, I had a shiver the minute I saw that old pink ticket, and it sort of knocked me cold (*giggles*) for I was due at rehearsal—and me the *leading lady!* Did I tell you I am the leading lady? Oh, yes!

Were you ever the leading lady in a play, Mr. Miller? Of course not. How foolish of me! Well, I tell you right now that I am a natural-born actress. I *love* it, that's all. Now, just take, for instance, where I run up to George Gibson and *pretend* like I like him. Now, that is *acting* for you, for I positively *detest* that boy! Why, I heard him tell Henry Cooper that I thought I was the whole show. The idea! And anyway, you should hear how some of them give their lines. Really, Mr. Miller,—but then—I won't say anything. So that is why I want to have the most

artistickest picture. Besides, I am the leading lady!

Now, how would that blurry kind be? And let's see—I'll stand by that gate, and hold these imitation roses under my chin, and I'll smile, and the light will be right on my hair. Like this! You see, I want something different and original. There, how is that for a smile? Did you get it? Now, let's see. How is this? (*She lowers her hand and leans on the gate.*) Got it? Good. When can I have the proofs? Tomorrow? Fine. Oh, shoot! I can't come tomorrow. That's our basket ball game. I tell you; you just pick out the best one and send it to the Sunday papers. Well, goodbye. What? Wait for the slip for my proofs? All righty! (*She looks around and hums. She reaches out her hand for slip without looking at it.*)

Well, I must trot along. Our ukulele club has a meeting, and then we have basket-ball practice. What if I should lose this ticket, Mr. Miller? (*She looks at it and groans.*) Mercy! As I live, it's *pink!* (*Dramatically.*) And the villain still pursued her!

Pink slip ticket! Say, Mr. Miller, did you ever read that poem about a

"Pink slip ticket for a three cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passen-jare!"

We had something about it in English one day, and somebody said that one time somebody kept saying that over until they went crazy. I mean till the one saying it went crazy. Honestly! Well,

I told Lucile that if they keep on handing me pink slip tickets I'll probably go crazy, and think I am the conductor and punch somebody in the presence of the passen-jare! Then they will take me to a padded cell, and all the time I'll be screaming "Pink tickets!" Say, wouldn't that be thrilling?

I don't really mind the study hour, though, for I really need the time to think. There are always so many important things coming up, and today during my algebra study hour I figured out the duckiest way for us eight ukulele girls to sort of dance on the stage, while we are singing. Something like this, Mr. Miller. (*She illustrates, by taking dance steps and humming, while pretending to play ukulele.*)

You see, we are going to put on a number at the stunt program next week. Honestly, there are so many things to do all the time it hardly seems worth while to hold the classes!

Still, today was Doris Green's birthday, and her father drove over to the high school to take the club down for a "High School Delight"! Did you ever eat one, Mr. Miller? Oh, you poor soul! Well, do try one soon.

Now, first they take a banana and split it, and then put some marshmallow sauce on it, and a few nuts, then some pineapple and raspberry syrup—real thick and goo-ey! And then—well, you know they use those long flat dishes. Well, then they put on one dipper each of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry ice-cream, cover it with whipped cream, and pour over it a hot chocolate sauce. It sounds simple, but it is simply delicious! I could eat a

dozen—if some one would pay for them. And now, Mr. Miller, think of that "High School Delight," and me with a chance to get a *free* one—and all I get is a pink ticket. "Wild" is not the name for it, Mr. Miller. "Raving" would be a better word, although hardly strong enough.

Really, I must be going. But—well, if it wouldn't be too much bother, would you just give me my proof ticket on another color of paper? Otherwise, from force of habit, I'd probably think I had to stay in tomorrow, and as it is Friday the chances are I'd spend the week-end at the high school building before I came to. (*Takes another ticket.*)

Oh, thank you so much. I'll be glad to do the same thing for you, just any time. Goodbye, Mr. Miller!

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!"

The first character in this selection, the bride, is absolutely selfish, although unconsciously so. While she doesn't realize it, she is entirely self-centered. Keep this in mind while developing your character.

In working out your pantomimes, keep her in constant activity. First she describes the card, then the picture-frame. While talking she is busy fixing her husband's tie, and brushing his coat a little, and displaying any of the other little possessive airs that occur to her.

She poses constantly. She is very vivacious and somewhat affected in her manner. She is perfectly sure of her own importance, and shows it.

The next monologue shows an entirely different type. Make this the typical happy-go-lucky school girl. At times she preens a bit, but is usually just a joking, care-free girl. She doesn't care if the joke is on herself, just so there is a joke.

In working out these pantomimes remember that she is entirely lacking in self-consciousness. If she doesn't get it right the first time, why, the spirit of youth says, "Well, all right—how is this?"

LITTLE MAYMIE VISITS THE CITY.

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SCENE: *The veranda of Mrs. Jackson's home.*

OCCUPANTS: MRS. JACKSON, *and her callers,* LITTLE MAYMIE *and* TOWSER. LITTLE MAYMIE *speaks*:

W'y, oncet, one time, me and John went to the city. That's the place where ever'thing is at—ist ever'thing—'cept country—and our town—but ist ever'thing else, I bet you! Ist houses—and stores—and—more houses! W'y, some houses is so high that when you stand on the ground and look up to the top of 'em—w'y, you ist *bust* your neck, purt' near. An' street-cars—an'—automobiles—an'—more street-cars. Ist all the time they go tearin' 'long—ever' minute—all day—and all *night*—and all the time, yessir! 'Cept the time when me and John and mamma and Aunt Ida was waitin' for one to go to the train on. And I was ist so tired, and mamma was so tired, and ever'-body was so tired that nobody could stand it—w'y, then they *ain't* no street-cars a-tall! Ist folks! W'y, you never did see no more ants in one of them there ant hills where the ants live at! I mean *bug* ants—not the visitin' kind—'cause we was a-visitin' our Aunt Ida.

But me and John we ist couldn't see anything,

'cause they was always folks a-standin' in front of it. That's ist the trouble with that city, I bet you. It would be a fine city if they wasn't any folks there. Ever' place a person goes, w'y, seems like they is all wite there. Not anybody ever stay home—if they have any.

Don't you know where my Aunt Ida lives at? Well, when we got off the train down to where the depot is at, w'y, what do you think? They is people and ist *ever'body* to meet us! And our Aunt Ida she take us wite out of that depot —if it *was* a depot—You know our depot where the trains come in at? Well, it ain't like that a-tall! It is ist mostly a-climbin' up and a-goin' down, and other folks a-runnin' into you, and mamma and Aunt Ida a-hurryin' and a-pullin' you along and not never lettin' you see nothin'.

'At's ist the way they all act to that city; ist hurry—and hurry—and *hurry*—and nearly break their neck—and my neck—and John's neck —yessir. An' then not doin' nothin' when they get there!

Well, we ist all got in what my Aunt Ida called a "taxi"—but it wasn't! It was ist an automobile purt' near like Dr. Evans'. An' purty soon we comes right to where my Aunt Ida lives—to the hotel! Yessir, that's ist what she called it, but it don't look like a hotel to me—an' I bet it was the court-house! 'Cause oncet I was in the court house and this was ist exactly like it, purt' near.

An' we got into a little room with iron bars all around it. But they didn't lock us up. Nosir!

But what do you think? That little room ist went *straight up*—like the balloon did that time to the county fair, and the man went up in the balloon and made a balloon extension. Yessir! And we was *in* it! Did you ever? An' me and John was ist purt' near scared, 'cause nobody told us we was to the county fair or anything!

'Nen purty soon the little room stopped and we all got off. We ist wound around and wound around till we got to where Aunt Ida's room is at. W'y, I bet you never wound around any more when you go to try to drive the chickens out of the garden and old Towser helps chase 'em, and you ist run and turn and run and turn till you get 'em out, an' 'nen you an' old Towser ist sit down and *breathe!* W'y, your breath ist comes out all hot and in *bunches*, like when the freight train pulls up the big hill back of Epperson's blacksmith shop! That's how twisty it was! My, it was wind-ey!

'Nen when we got in, w'y, they was two rooms together, and one big bed and two little beds. An' Aunt Ida said me and John can sleep in the little beds. She said they was *twin* beds. And sure enough, they is ist exactly alike—even more than the Wilkinson twins is, and they is ist exactly alike, almost. W'y, their own mamma one time spanked the wrong twin, yessir! So me and John we say we'll sleep there even if we ain't twins, and we think it's awful funny that they is so many twins in the city that they have twin beds instead of mixed ones, like at our house, 'cause we don't know any twins at all, hardly.

Well, when we get in, and Aunt Ida say about the beds, and here is the telephone, and here is the button to push for a fire. 'Nen she say she believe she better go see about us all goin' to the vaudeville, and me and John we wants to know if we can eat all of it we want to. And what do you think? It's not to eat a-tall, but where there is a show at the opera house.

So she go to see about the tickets, an' 'nen purty soon mamma she look at her hands and say, "Oh, my goodness! Did you ever? That old dirty train!" And ist go on like she never had her hands dirty in all her life. 'At's ist the way mammas all act. An' if a little girl gets her hands a little bit dirty, w'y, that's the little girl's fault, but if a mamma get *her* hands dirty it is always "that dirty train," or "this filthy town," or somethin', ever' time, I bet you!

So she went into the bath-room to wash her hands off. (*Giggles.*) No sir, to wash the dirt off,—and 'nen me and John ist look around and purty soon I ist sort of shiver, and John looks at me an' I look at John, and he looks up and I look up, an' 'nen we ist both run to see who can get there first, and *he* did! An' he ist put his finger on the fire button all the time, and I don't get to push it any, hardly. An' purty soon right away in rushes some men and they want to know where the fire is at, and me and John we tell 'em 'at we don't know. 'Cause we *don't* know, and 'at is why we push the button—'cause we is cold.

'Nen one man he say—well, anyway, he ist act like my daddy did when John spilt ist a little ink

on my daddy's best suit a-playin' doctor a-writin' an inscription. 'Nen mamma come a-rushin' out and he told mamma—*lots!* An' we heard him tell her, an' 'nen she went and told us all over again. She ist talk awful and purt' near hurt our feelings.

'Nen she went back to finish washin' her hands, and she told me and John ist to *set* there. An' so purty soon we ist get so tired a-settin' there—and we been a-settin' on the train—an' so we ist tiptoed to the door, easy, 'cause we are ist a-goin' to *peek* out, anyway! An' we ist went a-walkin' along the hall, and a hippity-hoppin' along, and purty soon we come to some stairs, and we went down, and when we got down there was some more stairs, and I looked at John and John looked at me—an' anyway, you never did see so many banisters in your life, and so we ist slide and slide purt' near a mile, I bet you.

An' when we got to the bottom there was a door a-standin' open, and we ist went out to see what was out there. An' I bet you never did see as many automobiles a-drivin' round the square in your life. W'y, they was more than to band concert on Saturday night, I bet you! Me and John purt' near never got across the street! An' we ist walk along and look—an' what do you think? The houses is all made out of glass, an' you can look in and see inside! An' you can see yourself, too, ist like in the rain barrel! An' me and John ist have the best time—an' 'nen—purty soon all the lights come on in the windows and we is

ist so tired, and we sit down wite on the sidewalk —an' we didn't cry hardly any.

Only I want my mamma. And John is hungry —an' me, too—an' 'nen we ist holler! An' a man what stands wite in the street an' blows a whistle comes an' asks us where we live, and John tells him 'at we live wite by Hamilton's—an' the man don't know where it is! And we holler some more —and folks come—an' the whistle man say he better call the station, and John say that is where we got off the train at, and the man grin, and go call the station, and sure enough our Aunt Ida had called the station agent an' told him we was lost. But we wasn't! No, sir! We ist forgot where our folks was at. So the whistle man took us to the hotel. And we ist walked and walked about a thousand miles—lots farther than we did a-gettin' there a-goin'.

An' 'nen the whistle man took us in, an' there was a big crowd, an' ever'body wanted to know what we looked like, and mamma was a-cryin' because we was killed—and lost. An'—'nen she saw the whistle man an' me and John and she ist run and kiss us—ist me and John she kiss. She never kiss the whistle man none. And then she went an' spanked us both so hard, and me *hardest*— and John first. 'Nen she told us to sit wite down. And we did—wite on the *spankin'*.

And we ist cried—'cause if you don't cry some, w'y, she think she didn't spank hard enough, an' do it some more.

An' while she was a-spankin' John, w'y, John he ist stick his head out from under her arm where

she can't see him, and wink at the whistle man, and him ist a-hollerin' all the time! John, I mean. The whistle man didn't holler none. But he wink back at John, ist like John was a growed-up boy. An' I bet you that whistle man had hollered sometime, too, when his mamma was a-spankin'! And then mamma thanks the whistle man for savin' our lives and bringin' us back so she could spank us—'cause she did tell us to *set* there, and we forgot. Or, anyway, we purt' near forgot—or—we wouldn't a went a-tall.

So mamma tells Aunt Ida that she is a nervous wreck—mamma is, not Aunt Ida—an' she never will have one minute's peace, an' all that talk like mammas does when they think you've been naughty. An' thank goodness she hadn't unpacked, and that she'll take us straight home, and she hopes to goodness that if she ever comes to the city again she'll have enough sense to leave us home. My! She ist talks and talks! An' we gets our hats, and mamma says we will take the street car right to where the train is at an' Aunt Ida doesn't need to go, but Aunt Ida say she will go help with the suitcases. So, we all get on a street car with folkses on, an' mamma and Aunt Ida sit down, an' we stand wite by them, till purty soon some folks we was a-lookin' at—w'y, one of 'em puts her finger on a white spot, and somethin' rings and the street car stops and they get off.

So me and John sets there. 'Nen purty soon I looks at John an' John looks at me, and we ist try to reach the ringer-button, an' John he push it

first. And sure enough, the car stops. Nobody didn't want off, so the man goes on some more. 'Nen I push the ringer-button, an' the car stops, an' nobody wants off. An' ever' time the car starts me or John push the ringer-button, an' we can stop it ever' time, yessir! All by ourselves! An' 'nen purty soon the car man he come up and say, all cross-like, "Whose children are you?" 'Nen mamma and Aunt Ida jump up and say, "Oh my goodness! What *now!*"

An' they get so cross, an' Aunt Ida take me and mamma take John on their laps, till we get to the train, and we all get on. 'Nen Aunt Ida gets off an' mamma talks to her out of the window, and says that it is ist twelve hours since we left home and she feels twelve *years* older, an' how in the world a mother can live in the city is more than she knows, an' that she certainly hopes that if she ever comes to the city again she'll have sense enough to leave us home! My, she ist talks and talks 'bout that.

An' when we got home an' she told daddy, w'y, he got cross—like he *never* is—unless it is *his* things we spoiled. And me and John ist cried and cried. An' they put us in bed, and we cried and cried. An' purty soon we had cried 'til our breath was hot—ist like Towser's when he's been a-chasin' Minnick's cat an' is all tired!

W'y, 'nen—w'y, purty soon daddy and mamma come in' an' mamma kissed us, an' said we was the sweetest children she ever saw, an' that they wasn't two as fine children in the whole city, an' how *could* we be expected to know city life, she'd

like to know, when we'd never been there. And she gives us some milk, an' we was all as happy, and John turned as many somersaults as if they wasn't a city in the whole world—yessir! An' Towser sneaked in and licked our faces, and wagged his tail, an' 'nen mamma ist laughed and said, "Towser, it has been a wild trip, but thank goodness, we are home again!"

An' 'nen Towser he ist jumped up and licked our faces, and grinned like he thanked goodness we was home, too, an—'nen—w'y, I turned over to get the light out of my eyes. And the next time I opened 'em, it was today. An' that was how we went to the city to visit Aunt Ida and stay *two weeks*, yessir!

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "LITTLE MĀYMIE VISITS THE CITY."

Remember, when working on this selection, that Maymie is a very small girl, and be especially careful of her inflections and her laugh. These differ greatly from the inflections and laugh of an older girl.

Any number of gestures or pantomimes will suggest themselves to the reader in studying the selection. For instance, when she describes the buildings, she twists her neck as if she were looking up at them. Child-like, she uses her hands a great deal during her descriptions. She is greatly amused at times, and laughs and giggles.

Watch carefully to see that you do not speak in a monotone. Little Maymie sees all these things in her mind as she tells about her trip, and is very much interested.

IN THE DARK OF THE (HONEY) MOON.

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SCENE: *The living room in the house of the Newlyweds.*

OCCUPANT: MRS. TOM MASON, *a bride of three months. She has in her hand a magazine which she is trying to read. She looks up and says to herself:*

Oh, d-e-a-r! If Tom Mason thinks I am going to put up with this sort of thing, he's mistaken! (*She taps the floor with her foot.*)

Here it is, six o'clock and dark outside, and he is not home yet! And there is no reason for it. Of course he said he'd be a little bit late—but that has nothing to do with it.

Here I have gone to all this trouble—I went over to the delicatessen and got such a lovely cake—all trimmed with sugar violets—and—and a salad—and I had planned to get some cold sliced meat—but after I saw those violets! Well, anybody would rather have that huge bunch of violets that I bought of the man on the corner than any old cold sliced meat! They look perfectly spiffy in that rose-pink pottery vase that Lulu Booth gave me for a wedding present. And with the pink candles—well, the table looks too *thrilly* for words.

And he doesn't appreciate all I've done. He has probably even forgotten that it is our anniversary —three months today. (*Sighs.*)

To think it has come to this in three months! It isn't as if I were unreasonable, or anything like that. Oh, dear! And to think of what I expected my married life to be!

He has acted funny ever since last night when I gave him those bills. Of course it did look like quite a lot, but—goodness! I've been saving them ever since we were married, and most of them were duplicates of those sent out before, and I wouldn't have bothered him last night, only part of them had "Please give this your immediate attention" written on them.

Tom looked at me, so funny. And some way he didn't seem to appreciate how clever I had been about the money. You see, Tom said that as long as he is on a salary, we would just make out one of those bludget things—so much for rent, and so much for groceries—and savings—and—everything. And he ended by saying, "And so much for the sweetest little woman in all the world—for herself and her needs." And then he kissed me and said he wished it were twice as much. He was just as nice as he could be. And he can be mighty nice.

But last night—well, he didn't even smile "good" when I explained about how clever I had been, spending the money where it would make the biggest showing, and just charging the things I needed. Mother always charges things whenever she wants to. And I couldn't have done anything

to impress the girls more than that luncheon at the tea-room, with the matinee party afterwards, and those corsage bouquets of violets and roses. My, people just opened their eyes when we all marched down the aisle to our seats! Ruth Myers was simply flabbergasted! She wanted to know whether we had struck oil, or merely robbed a bank.

I tried to make it all clear to Tom, but men are so unbusinesslike. He looked at me sort of—well, funny—and after a while he asked me if I had a magazine to read; said he wanted to figure a little. Then he—he utterly *neglected* me, and sat there and wrote, and added, and mumbled, until away after bedtime. I finally made him quit. He drew a long breath and came over to where I sat, and he put his hand under my chin and looked at me a minute and said, "Can it be that you are your mother's daughter?"

Tom always did like mother, so I knew he wasn't liking me so much. Mother has a reputation of having more common sense than lots of folks—although I am sure she never thought of a more beautiful scheme than to charge what she needed and take the money for something else.

Dad and mother never could agree about me, anyway. Mother always said that dad spoiled me. But I never could see it.

Jane is mother's girl, and she is just another mother all over again, not one speck of romance in her whole system. I've always hoped that Tom and I wouldn't get so commonplace as dad and mother when we have been married that long.

Well, I needn't have worried. We'll not live together that long! (*Sniffs.*)

O-h, dear! Now Tom is tired of me! (*Sobs.*) I—I—just—can't stand it!

Oh, dear! I used to try to get mother to get some red roses and low lights for the table—they are so much more romantic—and she would smile and say, "No, dear, not tonight. Your father will see more romance in a nice T-bone steak turned twice in suet, and some O'Brien potatoes, than in all the roses in the florist's shop."

I asked her how she expected to hold him without the rule of romance, and she just laughed and said, "By the law of gravitation!" And she said that when he was tired, or hungry, or blue, or happy, or—anything—he just naturally gravitated to her about it. (*Suddenly angry.*)

Well, Tom Mason had better be gravitating, and be mighty quick about it! I simply won't stand such treatment, that's all. And the other night—O-h, dear! I had had such a nice afternoon—a new magazine and that great big box of candy that Tom brought the night before—and I really didn't *intend* to let the meat burn to a crisp. But the hero—well, he was acting just like Tom *used* to act—and anyway, I wasn't hungry, and there was enough and plenty for Tom—people eat too much meat, anyway, everyone says so—and then Tom looked sort of funny, and said, "Dear, there are people starving in this old world of ours, and the price of this burned meat would save some of them."

I don't see any excuse for such a remark. I

didn't think of it at the time, but he might as well have struck me. Anyway, suppose people are starving, and suppose I did burn the meat—if I hadn't burned it we'd have eaten it, so they wouldn't have been any better off. I thought Tom was more log—log—logical than that. I must look that word up. It must have something to do with the Masons—or some of those things.

Well, I won't go to the door to meet him. (*Sniffs.*) And he *won't care!* This morning he rushed off with just a mere peck on my cheek! What if he *was* late? The old office could get along without him for a few minutes, I'd think. If they can't, they might better raise his salary, so he won't have to stay awake all night worrying about bills.

Oh, dear! He *did* look tired this morning. Maybe that wasn't such a good scheme of mine, after all. (*Sighs.*) I wish mother were here. She would know just what to do. Dad always said that she managed so well when they were first married that they *did* live cheaper than he had been living. Mother just laughed, and said that a sack of flour goes farther than a box of candy.

If it weren't for those old mother-in-law jokes I'd send for her. I'll probably have to, anyway, because I *know,* even if Tom didn't love me a bit, he'd be here by this time—if he wasn't—O-h, dear—lying some place—*dead*—and unconscious—and moaning—and calling my name! (*Sobs.*) O-h, how I wish I had bought meat instead of violets! (*Sobs.*) Perhaps Tom would see more romance—boo-hoo!—just like mother said about

dad. Only now—boo-hoo!—now Tom will never know—(*Walks up and down and wrings hands, crying.*) He will never know—that I wanted—m-e-a-t!

I just know that some old auto—(*sobs*)—oh, I wonder if I can find out. (*She wipes her eyes.*) Now, let me keep my head. I know, I'll call the police station. (*She gets the telephone directory.*) O-h, dear, I can't find it!

(*She goes to the phone and takes down the receiver.*)

Operator—police station—*police station!* I haven't time to hunt the number! *Please hurry!* . . . Hello? Police station? Where—where is he? Tom! Where is the *body?* (*Sobs.*) Yes, run over by an automobile—and *killed!* I must go at once. Hasn't been reported? (*She hangs up the receiver.*)

Oh, oh, oh! What can I do? Oh, Tom, I'll never burn the meat—nor charge anything! You can stay out all night if you want to—if you'll just come h-o-m-e! (*She sobs and walks up and down, wringing her hands.*)

Oh, oh! (*She looks out the window.*) Why—who is that? It looks like Tom. And a woman! It is just six-fifteen—just when he said he'd be home. They are coming in. Oh, dear—my nose!

(*She rushes to the mirror, powders nose, fixes her hair.*) They are ringing. Oh, I must hurry.

(*She rushes to the door and opens it.*) *Tom! Mother!* Why, mother! Oh, I am so glad to

see you. How in the world did you happen to come? Tom wired for you?

Why, Tom, how did you know I wanted mother? I didn't know it myself until just a few minutes ago. You wanted her to—to what? (*Listens.*) Say it again. To help us through the paths of beginning again, to the road that leads to the long long trail. My, but that sounds romantic.

But that's all right. We'll have her teach us that, if you like, but what I want has nothing to do with romance or any of those passing things. I want to learn the *law of gravitation!*

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "IN THE DARK OF THE (HONEY) MOON."

The young wife in this monologue is of the extreme "bride-y" type. She has been a spoiled young girl without any practical experience, and she is very serious about the whole affair.

In the first part of the monologue she is vexed, then later becomes angry, and finally is greatly worried.

If a chair is used, have her seated for a while, getting up every little while and walking about the room.

Work out all the various moods carefully, developing toward a climax in the scene where she gets almost hysterical.

Make a big contrast as she changes from worry to happiness; for she really is most happy to see her mother—and Tom!

THE PUNISHMENT OF MARY LOUISE.

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SCENE: *The front lawn of the Bates' home.*

The front door opens, and MARY LOUISE *comes out and down the walk, skipping her rope. She speaks:*

Yes, I won't. What? Well, I meant yes, I heard you, and no, I won't leave the yard. Yes'm.

Oh, dear! (*Still skipping.*) Can't leave the front yard all morning, just for a little thing like that. She did enough last night without—(*She stops skipping and waves.*) Oh-hoo! Lu-cile! (*She trills.*) Lucile, come here! I can't! I can't leave the front yard. I'm being punished for telling Mrs. Willoughby (*still shouting*) that mamma said that she puts red paint on her face! (*She skips her rope and hums as she watches her friend approach.*)

What are you doing today? Waiting for the cookies to get done? Oh, gee! Say, I'll trade you some we're going to have next Saturday for some; will you? Mamma is so cross because I happened to mention about the red paint and some other things, that she won't let me have any cake, or go to the movies, or anything.

She'll be over it by next Saturday, and I'll trade back. I'll have her make some filled ones. You

don't know filled cookies? Oh, you poor soul! Why, you take raisins and flour and sugar and water and lemon juice if you have it, if not a little vinegar, and some nut goodies—no, you save the nut goodies—well, anyway, you boil it until it is a thick *goo*, and then you put in the nut goodies. I don't know how much of anything, but the main thing is to have it stirred. And I'm a stirrer, if I do say so.

You don't call that cookies? Oh, I forgot. Then you roll out your cookie dough thin—oh, twice as thin. What? Why, "twice as thin" is just half as thick, goosie!

Well, then you cut it, and you take a lower thinny and put the goo on, and then put the top thinny on and press around the edge, and bake it, and it looks just like a common cookie, and it fools you until you bite into it. And then—well, you just die of delight—almost. Um-m-m! It makes me hungry just to think of it. You'd better go see if yours are done, and bring me some if you can. (*She skips rope, and calls.*) Don't forget, now, Lucile.

Oh, there comes Mrs. Donovan. She always talks to me. I think she thinks that I'll tell her something, but I won't, because mamma says she is a regular tattletale. (*She skips and hums.*)

How do you do, Mrs. Donovan? You're in a hurry and want me to go to the store for you? I'd love to, but I can't. I have to stay in the yard all morning for telling Mrs. Willoughby that mamma said that she put red paint on her face.

What did Mrs. Willoughby say when I told her? Oh, she just laughed, and I told her that dad said it was good sense to look as good as one could, and how I saw mamma rubbing her face with some pink wall paper—when she didn't know I saw her.

Mrs. Willoughby thought it was a joke, and when mamma came she told her that it was a risky thing to do, and that she would lend her some rouge. And that's when I got mine!

As soon as Mrs. Willoughby left—Oh, my! She didn't tell until she was leaving. Mamma was having a grand time up to then, for she thought she was making quite an impression. Folks take a lot of trouble for Mrs. Willoughby, just because she moved here from the city. Mamma asked her if she was settled in her new home, and she laughed, and said, "Nothing settled but the dust."

I'll bet she has things nice, because she jokes so much. Did you ever notice how much more comfy a jokey person's house is? They get things around so they sort of smile at you. Of course, they don't scour as much, maybe, as some of the cross folks, but you don't have to be so careful, either. And as dad says, "What's a little dust among friends?"

Now, they say that Mrs. Lowden isn't such a fine housekeeper, but I always feel like the sun is shining when I get to her house.

There goes the new trimmer for Baker's Millinery. Yes'm, I think she's awful pretty, don't you? You don't? That's funny. Well, neither does mamma.

Did you get a new hat this year? You didn't?

Mamma was wishing you would. She and Mrs. Lathrop were trying to figure out how long you have worn that one, just yesterday.

Did you know that the Jacksons and the Goldmans had a falling out about their chickens? The Jackson's chickens? Oh, goodness, yes. They were so mad that they were afraid to go to the Aid Society for fear they would be there—I mean the other one would be there—you know what I mean. Mamma said if Mrs. Goldman would cook one of Mrs. Jackson's chickens she would shut them up.

Oh, there comes Lucile. Goody, she's got some. Goodbye, Mrs. Donovan. I'm sorry that I can't go to the store for you, but I'm supposed to stay right here by myself, and I'd get it for sure if I didn't mind. (*She skips and calls.*)

Hurry, Lucile! I'm just starved. (*She takes some cookies and eats them while she talks.*) Say, I have to stay on this side of the picket fence, so let's play bank and I'll be the cashier in the pen. No, that's not it; "cage"—that's it, shall we? You'd rather I would run the post-office, so I would know more about what is going on? All right. You can come for your mail.

Good-morning. Any mail, you say? Let me see, what is your name? Oh. Lucile Maring. (*Pretends to look through letters.*) No, nothing for you today, Miss Maring, but we are looking for some new mail in, any day, now. I could let you have some of this, but I don't think you would care for it.

Would you like to buy a few stamps today, Miss Maring? Yes, we are having a special sale today. Reds are five for ten cents and the greens are only ten cents or a dime for ten. Really, they are about the nicest stamps we have ever carried. So much more glue on them than the last ones had. Would you like green or red? Oh yes, they are the very latest style. (*Points.*)

There comes Phyllis. Say, I tell you what. You go get some more cookies, and I'll be the lion in the circus and you can feed me between the bars of the cage. Like this, see? (*She shakes her head and growls.*) Give me a bite of that one in your pocket when I growl—now. (*Growls and shakes head.*) Gee, I'm glad we've got a picket fence! (*She eats cookie as she talks.*)

Aren't you coming over, Phyllis? Say, let's play circus, and I'll be the tight-rope walker, and you be the— (*She stops talking and turns toward the house.*)

What did you say, mamma? Oh, you put me in the yard to punish me, and not to entertain the neighborhood. Send the girls home? Oh—well. Gee, I'm glad I got the cookies, anyway. Good-bye. (*She picks up her rope again, and starts skipping and singing a familiar church or school song at the top of her voice. She skips and sings for awhile, and then turns toward the house.*)

What? Wake the dead? My goodness, I was just singing. How much longer have I got to stay in this old yard? I'm tired of "staying put." Until you say I may leave? Well, when *can* I?

Well, I just wanted to know. (*She starts skipping and singing, then stops singing and puts her hand over her mouth. Skips, and starts whistling the same tune.*)

Say, that's a dandy crack in the walk. I'll practice walking the tight rope on it. (*She tries to walk the crack, and nearly falls, and she whistles as she walks.*) Oh, for goodness sake! (*She takes her dress in her hands and looks at it.*) That's the very worst tear I've had this week! Well, how would I know that old nail stuck out a mile! I'll have to hide it until I change my dress, or I'll have to stay in the house all day. (*She looks up.*) Oh, there goes Sue. (*She calls.*)

Sue; S-u-e! Come here. Where are you going? Well, when you come back I wish you'd bring me a couple of safety pins. You have some you can loan me? Goody! (*She reaches for them, and pins skirt in the back, making hard work of it. She twists around, trying to see the effect.*) How does that look? Well, it will have to do. I'll give them back to you tomorrow. Goodbye, Sue.

Oh, hello! How are you, Mrs. Willoughby? Come to the store with you? I can't. I am being disciplined. What for? Oh—just punished. You see I have to be punished about every so often, whether I need it or not—and mamma says I always need it.

You are afraid that you are the cause? Don't you worry any. The worst is over! You should have heard me last night after you left. (*Laughs.*) It was about the best job of yelling that I've put

on yet. Oh, don't feel that way. It didn't hurt so much, but I've found out that the louder I yell the less I get.

You see mamma really believes in what she calls discipline—talking to me and making me ashamed of myself, and all that, and taking away something that I want—oh, you know—but once in a while she gets just plain peeved. What does she do then? (*Laughs.*) *A-plenty!* Dad always says that she forgets her theory and her discipline, and applies direct and stinging chastisement on the place which nature thoughtfully provided! (*Laughs.*)

So you know what I mean when I say that the worst is over!

Come up to the store for an ice-cream soda? Oh, goody-goody! (*She jumps up and down and claps her hands.*)

I'll ask mamma, and she'll let me go with you, because she wouldn't want you to know that she punished me for telling you about the red paint. It's the only chance I've got of getting out of this old yard today. (*She calls.*)

Mamma! *Mamma!* I am going to the store with Mrs. Willoughby, can I? Well, may I, then? Ask Mrs. Willoughby in while I wash my face? (*She turns to* MRS. WILLOUGHBY.) Didn't I tell you she'd let me go? Come on in. It won't take me but a minute. There is the hammock, or come on up on the porch. Well, all right. (*She starts, and then stops.*)

Now, don't go. I won't be a minute.

(*She leaves, singing the same song, and skipping.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "THE PUNISHMENT OF MARY LOUISE."

The Mary Louise of this selection is the same little girl of the "Just Mary Louise" monologue. She is the same talkative, cheerful, good-natured and very busy small person—in fact, just a normal little girl. Do not make her the "sassy" type. She really intends to be a good girl, and anything she does to the contrary is merely a matter of difference of viewpoint.

Practice skipping the rope (without any rope, of course), until you can do it with the unconsciousness of a small girl. This rope skipping doesn't interfere in the least with her conversation, even when she is short of breath. She occasionally stops skipping and whirls and swings her rope, by way of variety. Be very careful to keep all movements in character—that is, move like a small girl. Eat your cookie like a youngster. In the post-office part, act like a small girl who is trying to impersonate a grown person.

After her mother has spoken to her about singing, start singing the same song several times, stopping suddenly each time and putting hand over mouth, when remembering the admonition.

Work out all pantomimes very carefully, not as you would do the thing, but as would a little girl just like Mary Louise.

PRACTICING DOMESTIC SCIENCE: OR HOW GIRLS COOK.

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SCENE: *A kitchen.*

OCCUPANT: MARY BURNETT. *She sees a friend and rushes to the door and calls:*

Oo-hoo! Oo-hoo-hoo! Mar-gar-et! Mar-gar-ett! Come on over, can't you? Where were you going? Here? Fine!

Say, what do you think that I am going to do? You couldn't guess in one thousand years. A-ha! Prepare to be shocked! Ready? Well, I am going to make a *pie!* Now, honey, you sit right here and watch. I was so excited I could hardly eat my lunch, and the folks didn't know what to make of it. I am pretty far gone when I can't eat. Outside of two slices of bread and jam—and a little cold meat loaf that Hulda was going to throw out, anyway—and a few plums—I haven't had a thing to eat since I had breakfast.

I was so glad when mamma and Edith started over to Brown's, and this is Hulda's day off, so nobody can take the credit for this pie but just little me. That's the reason I am so anxious to do it today. I stayed awake half the night, thinking about it. Revenge is *sweet!* Honest, Margaret, our parents don't half appreciate us. Now, last night, just because I happened to criticize

Hulda's cooking a little at dinner, dad fussed and scolded like anything. He said he thought it was about time I put some of *my* domestic science into practice. He said I had talked about it since last September, but that it was all talk, so far. He really was quite outspoken, I thought.

So, I just made up my mind that I would make an apple pie and have it all ready when they got home this evening. Mamma wanted me to go with them, but I said that I couldn't—that I had a few hooks and eyes to sew on. (*Giggles.*) And then mamma looked uneasy and asked to see my tongue! I think she was almost afraid to go and leave me, for fear I had a high fever.

Well, I'll get busy and get it over, and then we'll go get a soda. I think he's the cutest fellow, don't you? I never go to McDougal's since Ernest came to Mayfield's. (*She pantomimes opening a cupboard door and getting a pan.*)

Oh, gee. I wonder where I'll find a sharp knife. (*She opens a drawer and picks out a knife.*)

Well, it won't take long. What? Peel the apples? (*Giggles.*) Why, Margaret, I never heard of anything so crazy! Of course you don't. You never peel apples for pie. You're mixed, honey. You peel them when you bake them whole, but for pie you just cut them in four pieces and scoot out the seeds. Sure, I know what I am talking about. (*She begins to cut up the apples.*)

My, these are such nice big ones, it won't take long to cut them up—easy as cutting geometry.

And what's more, this old knife is as dull as ancient history.

Say, if I ever get to be president of the school board I bet they drop ancient history, or I'll know the reason why. You know, Margaret, I've been thinking about what I'll do when I get through school, and I've about made up my mind to be a school superintendent—high school—sometime. It's the easiest job I know of. You certainly get lots of time off, then nothing to do when you do work but to call people down. I feel that I am especially fitted for it.

Oh, I guess that is enough apples. (*Puts down knife.*) Now, I'll get the crust ready. No, I don't need any recipe, I can remember all right. I never forget anything that I really want to remember. Where's a pan? (*She gets another pan.*)

Now, let's see. (*Opens the flour bin and dumps in flour with her hand.*) There, I guess that's enough flour. She said a cup and a half—or two and a half, or something like that. Flour is different from algebra—you don't have to be so exact. Only, when I cook, I might let the flour equal the unknown quantity. (*Giggles.*)

Goodness, what a dust flour makes, anyway. (*She pushes her hair back with her flour-covered hand.*) What? Flour all over my hair? Nonsense, my dear, you are mistaken. That is not flour, but merely the responsibility of making this pie, that has whitened my golden locks. (*She thinks.*) Now—oh, yes; some salt; and some

baking-powder. Why, Margaret Wilson, she did, too, use baking-powder. Just in fancy crusts? Well, what do you think that this is going to be, pray tell? (*She hunts through the cupboard.*)

There isn't any baking-powder. Oh, shoot! Well, I'll use soda, then. It isn't quite so strong as baking powder, so I suppose I'd better put in about two heaping teaspoonfuls, don't you? There. (*She measures it, and puts it in with flour.*)

Now for some lard. I want this to be good, so I suppose about three teaspoonfuls, wouldn't you think? (*She puts it in, and mixes it while she talks.*)

This cooking business is a snap. Maybe I won't be a school superintendent, after all, but be either a cook, or a domestic science teacher. There, I guess that is all right, so I'll put the water in—about a cup, I s'pose. (*Mixes it with hand.*) Mercy goodness! What *goo-ey* stuff! Say, I'll have to open the bin and get more flour; and —will you look at my hand—all webbed together like a duck's foot! (*She opens the flour bin.*)

Well, I certainly stuck that up in good shape. (*Dumps in more flour.*) I didn't know this stuff was so sticky, but that's probably a sign that it's going to be good. I can just see dad's face when he eats this pie! He'll be sorry that he called me down for not cooking when he tastes this.

There, that's getting a little better. I'll have to roll it out, won't I? (*She gets the rolling pin.*) Shoot, this pesky old stuff sticks to everything.

Gee, my nose itches—and both hands web-footed! Oh well, I didn't take gymnasium for nothing. (*She rubs nose vigorously on her shoulder.*) They say that when your nose itches that it's a sign you are going to have company. Let them come, say we; we can feed them apple pie!

Goodness, this stuff is stuck all over the rolling pin. Will you look at that, Margaret? I'll have to get a knife and scrape it off. (*She opens a drawer and gets another knife.*)

Good-night! I certainly got dough over everything in that drawer, didn't I? (*Scrapes dough from rolling pin.*) Say, I am hot! I believe this stuff needs some more water. It needs something, that's certain. (*She pours in some more water.*) Moses and molasses! That's worse than ever. Well, I guess it needs more flour. Maybe I'd better measure it. (*She gets a cup, gets flour, and then drops the cup.*) Well—look at that! That old cup handle stuck to my hand, or I wouldn't have dropped it. (*Stoops to get cup.*)

Fiddlesticks! The cup is busted—and would you believe that a single solitary cup of flour could cover so much space? It looks like I was using it for a sweeping compound.

I tell you, Margaret, it isn't the making of a pie that's so hard; it's the incidentals. Well, I'll have to get some more flour. If I ever get the stuff worked in I'll certainly be glad, I'm telling you. Where is that other knife to scrape this old rolling pin again? (*She goes over to the apples.*)

Margaret! Look here! *Just look* at those

apples. They're *spoiled.* Why, they are as brown as chocolate! Well, that old grocer had his nerve to send me such apples as these. He probably thought I wouldn't know the difference, but I asked *special* for *new* apples! Look at them —all brown! I'll just bet these are some he had left over from last year.

Say, how in the world am I going to get this stuff off from everything, anyhow? Oh, there goes the phone! (*She rushes to one side, and takes down the receiver.*)

Hello. Who? Ernest? (*Giggles.*) No, I didn't know you. No, I didn't, either. (*Giggles.*) Am I busy? I should say not. I haven't a thing to do all afternoon. Margaret? Why, she's here now. Why? Well, I should say so. Five minutes? All right. Goodbye. (*She tries to hang up the receiver, but her hands stick to it.*) Oh, my goodness, I forgot I had dough all over my hands. Come, help me get loose from this thing. Here, you take it—there.

Oh, Margaret, Ernest has the afternoon off, and he and George are going to get a machine, and we'll take a ride. We have just five minutes to get ready in. Help me get my apron off. (*Pantomime taking off the apron.*)

Say, the powder's in the right hand top drawer of my dresser. You get it while I wash my hands and face. (*She washes hurriedly.*)

Leave these dishes and this pie? I should say so. The apples were no good, anyway. (*Gets towel and dries her hands and face.*) Where is

the powder? (*Powders her face.*) I could have used flour for this. There's plenty of it.

Mercy, they are honking now. (*Calls.*) In a minute! I'll have to leave this messy kitchen, but I'll lock all the doors. (*She hurries around as if locking up.*) Just listen to those boys honk! We're coming, we're coming!

(*Exits, giggling.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "PRĀCTICING DOMESTIC SCIENCE."

This monologue is full of action from the start to the finish. It is especially fine for pantomime work, and can be used for a drill.

Mary sees her friend, calls to her, watches her as she comes, opens the door for her, gives her a chair, and chatters constantly. Mary is of the decidedly animated type, and she is full of life every minute. Her face shows her moods and she changes constantly.

The pantomimes in this selection are not difficult, but are varied. She is doing something all the time.

When she gets the knife to cut the apples she first opens the drawer, and picks up one or two before getting the one she decides to use. If you are not sure how you cut up an apple, quarter one, and watch your movements.

Mary waves the knife around occasionally as a means of emphasis. The making of the pie can be

made very effective. Feel that your hands are all stuck up with the dough; show it with your hands —and also by your facial expression.

Be very indignant about the old apples. Get very excited and giggly when at the telephone.

ON CONTEST NIGHT.

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SCENE: *A young girl's room.*

OCCUPANT: GLADYS BROWN, *dressed for the High School Declamatory Contest.*

GLADYS *speaks*:

Mercy, here it is nearly seven o'clock, and I am still alive! I never in the world will remember that old piece! I wish I had gone into the humorous class, anyway. Anybody can read humorous stuff, but I must have been crazy to think that I could do the "save-me-child!" stunt. I'll be so poor that they will all laugh at me. Say, that would be good —take the medal in the humorous class on a dramatic selection—sort of a burlesque.

Anyway, I am too sick to go. I keep feeling worse and worse—a sort of a *gone* feeling. My, I wish I were gone; any place but this town. I'm not exactly scared, for there's nothing to be afraid of—even if I forget all the way through. Still—oh, dear! If I ever do fall down and break an arm or an ankle in my life I certainly do hope it will be within the next hour.

How does that old thing go, anyway? Now, let me see. Our trainer says never to start in the middle of a selection or you can't get the atmosphere. I'll start at the beginning, although I

know that if I forget it will be in the race part—if I can get that far without forgetting.

Well, I'll go right through with it.

(*She pantomimes coming on stage, bowing. Then starts to recite.*)

"Pardon me for disturbing you, sir, but there is a little fellow here who has called about a dozen times to see you."

Gee, the coach has called me more than a dozen times, just on that little bit. Well, I might as well do my hair a few more times while I'm going through the thing. If I only had time I would cut the stuff off and get a wig.

(*She goes to mirror, fixes hair and primps.*)

My goodness, I'm not going to bother saying the whole thing, coach or no coach. I'm just going to say the hard places—if I can find any places that are harder than the others. I must remember to talk up high (*talks in high pitched voice*) for the boy, and to talk low (*speaks in very low tones*) for the man, and to keep the boy on this side and the man on this side, and to change my weight from one foot to the other, and to—to talk *loud* and *slow!*

Mary! *Mary!* Come here. Listen, Mary. Now, tonight when I get to going too fast, why, you just hold up your two front fingers, crossed like an X—like this—see? A regular railroad "Stop—Look—Listen." Will you? Now, remember. And if you can't hear me, put your hand behind your ear, like this. Just remember that all

this counts like everything with the judges. Oh, yes! And when I get through, you clap like anything. You'll probably be the only one who will clap. Say, I wish I had a pink dress instead of this old white thing.

Well, I must go through the hard parts. Mary, I have said this old thing not less than one thousand and three times already. The trainer said not to say it after six o'clock, but I'll die if I don't. Look at my hand shake! I just know I'll faint. Say! Why didn't I practice fainting before I got all dressed! If I must faint I'd like to do it gracefully, and not just flop all over the place. Now, let's see. (*Recites.*)

" 'Do you think you could ride Seltzer in the race tomorrow?' asked Mr. Burnett, quietly.

"Billy was too much surprised to speak."

My, I wish I had been too *something* to speak. I suppose I'll be too scared. (*She looks in mirror.*)

I never saw anything look like my nose in my life. (*Powders.*) It's a regular headlight. I should have taken a railroad piece. Now, let me see. Where was I? Oh, yes!

"Billy was too much surprised to speak."

(*She stops, thinks a moment, then repeats.*)

"Billy was too much surprised to speak." (*Stops.*) Well, I declare! They'll think I am too much surprised to speak if I forget right there. But they'll be fooled, for it will surprise me if I ever get that far. Oh, shoot! I know that as well as I know my letters. Oh yes, this is it.

"Billy slept no more that night."

Well, I know just how he felt. I didn't close my eyes last night all night long. I went over this old piece a million times, and forgot every time. No wonder I didn't sleep any. And such *dreams!* Why, I dreamed that my contest work was so poor that Prof. ———— (*superintendent of school*) told me I wouldn't be allowed to graduate.

Mercy, I wish I hadn't dressed so early. I'll be all to pieces if I keep tearing around like this. Goodness, I forgot my beads! (*Puts them on, looks in glass.*) Well, I certainly do look a fright! I might stand some chance if the judges were all blind—but I suppose there's no such good luck.

(*She polishes finger nails; holds out hand to look at nails.*)

Goodness, just *look* at me tremble. Oh, *dear!* I just don't seem to have any breath, and there's a lump in my throat as big as a pineapple. Well, I know! I am just plain scared. Why in the world I ever thought I wanted to be in this old contest is more than I know. When we were talking about it, why, it seemed just as *easy!* I could just see everybody with tears running down their faces in the sad part—especially Luella Jones. Luella always has to take an extra handkerchief along when there is going to be anything sad. If anything, she cries more easily than I do, and she's always so glad when they put the dramatic class last, so she won't have to sit around all evening with a red nose. I don't see why they don't always do that, but I suppose it's

too much to expect of a mere superintendent. They never think of the really important things.

Yes, and I remember I thought that in the place where Billy reaches down from his horse in the middle of a lot of horses and saves the baby, why, I thought the whole audience would be sitting up straight, simply scared to death for fear he would miss it! And here it is *me* who is scared to death for fear *I'll* miss it! But they'll never know it —if I can help it.

What? Time to go? Good land! I can't even swallow! Yes, I'm coming. Time to go, and me with all my arms and ankles still unbroken. Yes, yes—I'm coming.

(*She rushes about, powdering her nose and fixing her hair.*)

Mercy, how does it start? Oh, yes.

" 'Pardon me for disturbing you, sir, but there's a—' "

(*Exits, speaking.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION
OF
"ON CONTEST NIGHT."

As the title states, the time is the night of the speaking contest. The young girl is very much excited, and she dreads the whole affair.

Do not hurry this selection. She frightens herself by thinking of the contest, and then tries to calm herself.

Many clever pantomimes are indicated throughout the selection. Work these out very carefully.

She spends a great deal of time in front of her mirror, fixing her hair, arranging her dress, etc. Have your mirror so located that you face your audience while working out pantomimes. If the hair is worn up, she may pantomime putting on a hair net, first opening net carefully, then putting hair pins in mouth and then pinning net in place.

She starts first one thing, then another, in her excitement. When working out pantomimes, do not hurry too much. For instance, where she powders her nose, pantomime powdering enough so the audience will know what you are doing; use a great deal, then smooth powder off around nose and eyebrows.

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AT JUNCTION CENTER.

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SCENE: *A small town telephone exchange.*

OCCUPANT: RUTH MYERS, *the operator.*

She takes the receiver from her head, smooths her hair, wipes her forehead, and replaces receiver.

(*She puts in and takes out plugs while she talks. Always put in your plug before speaking. Wait a second after saying "hello" while person at the other end of the line answers.*)

(*She puts in plug.*) Hello? Who? Which one do you want? Helen? Well, Helen isn't home, she went over to Bowen's for lunch. I'll give you Bowen's. Wait a minute, please. (*She puts in the plug, and presses button.*) There they are.

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Joe Brown has locked up and is over to Mitchell's barber shop getting a shave. He's been there quite a while; wait a minute. (*She leans over as if looking out of the window.*) He's getting a haircut now. I'll call you when he comes back.

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? No, the mail isn't distributed yet. Number four was late today. Bill just went by with the mail sack a minute ago. (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Just a minute, please.

(*Puts in plug, presses button.*) Hello? I'll wait to see if they answer. The front door is open, but I saw Jim behind the blacksmith shop pitching horseshoes, when I came from lunch. No, he doesn't answer. Will you call again? (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Junction Center Republican? Yes, I'll call them, but they won't answer. I just called for Lucretia Booth. Want to leave a message? Yes, I'll give it to him when he comes back. Wait until I get a paper and pencil. All right. "Lost: Parrot, Saturday, by a lone woman, with a long beak and a red head and talks fluently." (*Give slowly, while writing.*) All right, Miss Anderson, I'll give it to him. How did it get out? Neighbor's children opened the cage? Well, what do you think of that! (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? (*Look at clock.*) It is one-twenty-six, Western Union time. You're welcome. (*Takes out plug.*)

Hello? Smith's? Which one? Sure there are more than one. There never was a town small enough to have just one Smith in it. (*She takes out the plug which has been in all the time.*) You want to talk to Mary? All right, just a minute, please. (*Puts in plug, presses button.*)

(*She looks out of the window, and then puts in plug and presses button.*) Hello? May? Well, Joe Brown has left the barber shop now. Hold the line and I'll ring him. (*Puts in plug, presses button.*) There he is. There's your party.

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Yes, there is a sale of rolled oats at Josephs'. I saw Rachael Elder go in, so I watched to see what she had when she came out. When she came back she had twelve packages of oats in a basket, and an oatmeal cooker. If you buy a dozen packages they throw in the cooker, but if you don't you have to pay eighty cents for it. So Rachael took the twelve. But when in the world those two people are going to eat twelve packages of oatmeal is more than I know. Make bread? Well, maybe. But that wouldn't make any difference to Rachael. She wouldn't care whether they ever ate them or not, if she could get them at a sale. You know the Jones Hardware had those dripping pans for refrigerators in the window for weeks, marked ninety-eight cents. Rachael passed there dozens of times, and never saw them. Well, yesterday Jack was feeling funny, so he put up a big sign just for a joke. You see he thought they were stuck with those pans, they had had them in the window so long, so he thought he might as well have some fun out of it. So he made a big sign, "Dripping Pans—Just In—Very Special at 98c." Well, in a few minutes Rachael came along, saw the sign, and went in and bought one. No, I don't know of any more sales. Sure, I'll be glad to let you know if I hear of any. (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Church begins at eleven o'clock and eight o'clock, Sundays, and prayer meeting is at seven-forty-five, Wednesday evening. You're welcome. (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Abernathy's? Just a moment, please. (*Puts in plug, presses button.*) There they are.

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello. City Butcher Shop? Well, Fred *was* out pitching horseshoes when I came from lunch, but maybe he is back. I haven't seen him go by, but I'll ring and see. (*Puts in plug, presses button.*) No, he hasn't answered yet, but wait a minute, he might be busy. Well, I guess he hasn't got back yet. You are going to the Aid Society and want some steak sent down to your house? Round? All right; twenty-five cents worth of round steak and a nickel's worth of dog meat. Yes, I'll tell him. Say, where does Aid meet today? Oh, yes. I'd forgotten where it was, and Mrs. Cooper wanted to know. I'll call her.

(*She takes out the plug, then puts in another and presses button.*) Hello? Mrs. Cooper? Well, the Aid meets over to Mrs. Wilkins'. No, Mrs. George Wilkins; Mrs. John Wilkins belongs to the Golden Year Circle. Ice cream, I think. I saw Mrs. Swan go by with a cake. (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Dr. Evans? One minute, please. (*Looks out window.*) Yes, he's back. I see his car. Ellsworth's. All right. Green apples? All right, I'll tell him. (*Takes out plug, puts in another, presses button.*)

Hello? Dr. Evans? Say, Doc, Mrs. Ellsworth wants you to come over right away. Yes, the twins. They tried to see which could eat the most

green apples without getting sick. Joe is yelling the loudest, but Josephine is the whitest, Mrs. Ellsworth says. Out there yesterday, weren't you? Anything serious? Might have been? Dared each other to jump off from the barn? For land sakes! Knocked the breath out of themselves, you say? Well, they sure are cases, all right! Cases for you most of the time, eh? I bet you. Isn't it a wonder they don't kill themselves sometime? You don't think it can be done? They've tried most of the ways, eh? Well, she says for you to hurry and to bring your peppermint, or whatever you need for green apples. (*Takes out plug, leans back and fans.*)

Mercy, but this is a warm day. I'll be glad when summer is over. Well, upon my soul! There goes Lizzie Howard with her furs on, sure as you are alive. Well, she is the limit!

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? I don't think he's there yet, but I'll ring. That whole gang was back of the blacksmith shop pitching horseshoes when I came from lunch, but I didn't suppose they were going to stay there all day. (*Puts in plug and pushes button while giving the above.*) No, he doesn't answer. No, not yet. You want him to come home right away and bring a dime's worth of lemons? Well, I'll tell him if I get a chance, but I can't leave the switchboard untended. Yes, I'll tell him if I can. (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Who? Yes, your little boy is up town. I saw him go by with an ice-cream cone. He got it at Lathrop's. No, I don't know

where he got the money. Yes, I'll send him home if he comes by again—if I can. (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Puts in plug.*) Hello? Mrs. Joe Prescott? She isn't home. She went to Knoxville on number four. Yes, she had on a new dress and a new hat. Miss Stevens didn't get one dress done until nearly train time, and she had to take it wrapped in a newspaper, and if number four hadn't been late, she'd a-been left. A week, I guess. Her hat was a big black lace with red roses on it. She sure did look nice. I don't know how her dress was made, for she was running for the train when she passed here. All right. (*Takes out plug.*)

(*Looks out of window, and calls.*) Mary. Mary! M-a-r-y! Come here a minute and tend switch for me, won't you? (*Takes off receiver and hands it to her.*) I've got to run over and give this want ad to Jeff, and tell Bill Palmer that his wife wants him to come home right away and bring some lemons, and deliver several other messages. I think if those fellows are going to pitch horseshoes all summer they'd better have a 'phone put up back there. Say, if the little Osgood boy comes along, *try* to send him home. I'll be right back—and I'll do the same for you, sometime.

(*She goes out hurriedly.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RENDITION OF "THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AT JUNCTION CENTER."

This selection appeals because of the fact that it is unusual. If possible, study the operator of a

small town telephone exchange, watch her method of handling calls, and listen to her inflection as she talks. Remember that she knows everyone in town, and is really interested in their affairs.

Usually the girls have head receivers, and can move around to a limited extent while talking. Occasionally put up your hand as if adjusting the transmitter or receiver. Do not hurry this monologue. Haste will destroy its effectiveness.

Very few small town exchanges are automatic, and it is usually necessary to push a button or turn a crank, after putting in the plug.

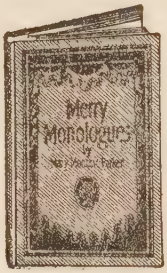
Do not forget to watch your switchboard, and to put in your plug before you start talking, and to take it out when the conversation is finished.

Remember that this is a small town exchange, and that the operator really takes an interest in the patrons, and tries to give them good service.

FINIS

Merry Monologues

By MARY MONCURE PARKER



THESE selections are wholly original and sufficiently varied in character and sentiment to enable the reader to make up a well-rounded program in which high comedy mingles with farce and pathos in a manner suitable for all occasions. Nineteen monologues and nine short poems which are especially adapted to that particular form of entertainment called the pianologue, viz., reading to music.

Some of the selections are new but most of them are the pick from the author's wide repertoire, which she has used throughout this country and in England. They bear the stamp of enthusiastic public approval and are now first offered to the public.

Contents: On the Street Car; The Renaissance of the Kiss; Husbands Is Husbands; Oh, Friend of Mine; George's First Sweetheart; Bobby and the New Baby; Lucile Gets Ready for a Dance; Mandy's Man and Safety First; Maggie McCarthy Goes on a Diet; Mrs. Climber Doesn't Like Notoriety; Lucindy Jones Expects a Legacy; Grown Folks Is so Awful Queer; At the Movies; The Gingie Boy; Ode to a Manikin; Isaacstein's Busy Day; Like Pilgrims to the Appointed Place; Mrs. Bargain Counter Meets a Friend; Mother Mine; Maggie McCarthy Has Her Fortune Told; In Vaudeville; Uncle Jim and the Liniment; The Funny Story; In the Milliner Shop; Mrs. Trubble's Troubles; George's Cousin Willie; When Lucindy Goes to Town; A Question.

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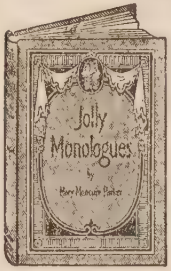
Jolly Monologues

By MARY MONCURE PARKER



ANOTHER superb group of readings by the author of "Merry Monologues." The twenty-eight original selections in prose and verse will prove gems for any platform artist. Many moods and shades of sentiment are represented, but the majority are humorous. The original work of this author is in increasing demand.

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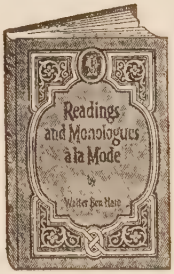

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